

Catholic Digest



JUNE
1957

35¢

***The Queen
of Hats***

Page 24

This Fall Visit the Shrines of Europe— Go Italian Line



Autumn is the ideal time to make your pilgrimage to Lourdes, Fatima, Pompeii or Rome. Sail Italian Line's Sunny Southern Route for clear skies and outdoor fun all the way. The accommodations are luxurious, the service superb. And, you can save as much as 20% on fares . . . because it's Thrift Season.

You'll be able to attend Holy Mass every day. There's a splendid chapel and a priest is on the staff of every Italian Line ship. It's extra services like these that will help make your Italian Line trip truly memorable. **SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET:** *"Your Church At Sea."*

Call Your Travel Agent or

Italian Line

Battery Park Bldg., 24 State Street, New York 4, N. Y.—Tel. Digby 4-0800
CRISTOFORO COLOMBO • AUGUSTUS • GIULIO CESARE • SATURNIA • VULCANIA

In Our Own Language.....	Catholic World	3
<i>Ten laymen tell what English in the Mass would mean to them</i>		
My Father Was a King.....	Altar and Home	10
<i>He ruled his domain with wisdom and love</i>		
Catholic-Protestant Contact in Europe.....	America	14
<i>Understanding among Christians is increasing</i>		
I Married Again.....	Family Weekly	20
<i>Many problems vanish when a widow and a widower wed</i>		
Lilly Daché: Queen of Hats.....	Kay Sullivan	24
<i>Husbands are right about their wives' headgear</i>		
The Negro-White Problem: the Laws.....	Catholic Digest Survey	30
<i>Do present laws protect the Negro?</i>		
Jobs for June Grads.....	William A. Douglass	34
<i>They're waiting for the persons who can fill them</i>		
Miss Communism, 1957.....	St. Anthony Messenger	40
<i>"Equality of the sexes" means that she must work a 12-hour day</i>		
Floyd Patterson, Champion.....	Ray Kerrison	44
<i>His friends say that success will not spoil him</i>		
I Nursed Fred Snite.....	Friar	49
<i>I was with him the awful night the iron lung broke down</i>		
Weather Forecasting by the Year.....	Town Journal	53
<i>An electronic "brain" has made it possible</i>		
What You See and How You See It.....	Maclean's Magazine	58
<i>Your mind has as much to do with seeing as your eyes</i>		
A Day at St. Peter's Square.....	Picture Story	64
<i>Where even the ordinary days are extraordinary</i>		
How to Make Money After You Retire.....	"The Golden Years"	72
<i>Part-time jobs offer freedom from want, worry, boredom</i>		
Eyes in the Skies.....	Parade	77
<i>The aerial camera may help to keep the peace</i>		
What Would You Like to Know About the Church?....	J. D. Conway	81
<i>The Rosary: an ancient and much-loved Catholic devotion</i>		
The Brooklyn Dodgers in Japan.....	Sport	87
<i>They found that their not-so-tiny opponents were tough customers</i>		

(Continued on page 2)

(Continued from page 1)

The Man With the Long Arm.....	Robert R. Cuniff	91	
<i>There's no business like show business</i>			
Banks Go Modern.....	Today's Living	96	
<i>Their interest in you goes beyond your passbook</i>			
Anesthesia: Round Trip to Oblivion.....	Coronet	101	
<i>How it feels to be "put under"</i>			
Mark and His Gospel.....	Thomas Panowicz	105	
<i>St. Mark emphasizes Christ's miracles</i>			
The Martin Luther Film.....	America	109	
<i>Why Catholics find it offensive</i>			
The World Has a Conscience.....	Guideposts	112	
<i>Global crime does not pay</i>			
How's Your Headache?.....	McCall's	114	
<i>You're probably all wrong about what brought it on</i>			
Case of the Suspected Cop.....	ADL Bulletin	119	
<i>Where was he taking those truckloads of loot?</i>			
The Statesman Called Strauss.....	The Sign	121	
<i>He takes the spotlight as Germany rearms</i>			
In Our House.....	9	In Our Parish.....	90
The Perfect Assist.....	19	Hearts Are Trumps.....	100
The Open Door.....	23	People Are Like That.....	113
Flights of Fancy.....	43	C.D. Book Club Selection.....	127
New Words for You.....	57		

Cover painting: 'June Bride' by Howard Scott

Published monthly. Subscription price, one year: \$3; 2 years: \$5; 3 years: \$7; 5 years: \$10. Same rates for 2 or more yearly subscriptions, which may include your own. Second class mail privileges authorized at St. Paul, Minn. Copyright 1957 by The Catholic Digest, Inc. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Printed in U.S.A.

Send Subscriptions to this address:
2959 N. Hamline Ave., St. Paul 13, Minn.
President..... Louis A. Galea
Editor..... Kenneth Ryan
Assistant Editors..... Edward A. Harrigan,
Henry Lexau, Maurice Murray, Joseph B.
Connors, Kent Pedersen.
Assistant Vice Pres..... Walter J. Beggin
Publisher..... Paul Busard

44 E. 53d Street, New York 22, N.Y.
Vice President..... Robert C. Morrow
Executive Editor..... John McCarthy
Book Editor..... Francis B. Thornton
Foreign Press Editor..... Maria C. Huerto
Advertising Director..... Thomas J. McElroy

ENGLAND AND IRELAND: Catholic Digest, 16 St. Frederick Street, Dublin.
BELGIUM: Katholiek Digest and Ecclesia, Plantstraat 23, Antwerp.

THE NETHERLANDS: Katholiek Visier, Rokin 60, Amsterdam.

ITALY: Sintesi del Catholic Digest, 5 Via S. Antonio, N., Milan.

GERMANY: Katholischer Digest, 39 Heraltstraasse, Aachenburg.

FRANCE: Ecclesia Digest Catholique, 18-20 rue du Saint-Gothard, Paris XIV.

BRaille EDITION: National Braille Press, 88 St. Stephen Street, Boston 15. \$10 a year.

Foreign subscriptions at \$3 a year should be sent to addresses given, not to St. Paul office.

"All that rings true, all that commands reverence, and all that makes for right: all that is pure, all that is lovely, all that is gracious in the telling: virtue and merit, wherever virtue and merit are found—let this be the argument of your thoughts" (St. Paul in his letter to the Philippians, Chapter 4).

This is the argument of THE CATHOLIC DIGEST. Its contents therefore, may come from any source, magazine, book, newspaper, syndicate, of whatever language, of any writer. Of course, this does not mean approval of the "entire source" but only of what is published.

In Our Own Language

"Now there were staying at Jerusalem devout men of every nation under heaven. When this sound was heard, a crowd of them gathered and were bewildered, because each one heard his own language spoken by the Apostles. Everybody was amazed, and marveled, saying, '... we hear them declaring in our own languages the wonderful works of God.'"

TEN PROMINENT Catholic lay persons were asked for their opinions on the use of English in the Mass. Here are their statements.

"... the more you understand the more will your love be enkindled."

John C. H. Wu



Jurist, author and lecturer; professor of law, Seton Hall university; former judge and chief justice, Shanghai Provincial court; legislator and drafter, Constitution of China; Minister to the Holy See,

'46-'49; author of *Art of Law*, *Studies in Jurisprudence*, *Beyond East and West*, *Interior Carmel*, etc.

I am heartily in accord with the idea of Mass in the vernacular, at



least the Scriptural parts such as the Epistle and Gospel. Of course, a Mass is a Mass; it is of infinite merits and significance, whether it be said in Latin, in English or in Chinese.

The all-important thing is the Real Presence of our Lord and our union with Him in offering the Supreme Homage to our Father. But given a genuine spirit of worship and love, I cannot help thinking that the people assisting at the holy Sacrifice would feel an even more intimate participation in it if they could hear the words in their own mother tongue, as happened in the Cenacle on the first Pentecost in the presence of our blessed Mother.

In the sage words of St. Paul, "I will pray with the spirit, I will pray also with the understanding; I will sing with the spirit, I will sing also with the understanding" (I Cor. xiv. 15).

These are my personal views; but 20 years of Catholic life have con-

*411 W. 59th St., New York City 19, May, 1957. © 1957 by the Missionary Society of St. Paul the Apostle in the State of New York, and reprinted with permission.

vinced me so completely of the perennial wisdom of the Church that whatever she decides goes with me. After all, sanctification is *the one thing necessary*, but I think the vernacular can be of some help even in this, because the more you understand the more will your love be enkindled. The end being great, even a little help has great value.

"... brought closer to the altar and led more deeply into the meaning."

Claire Boothe Luce



Author, playwright, lecturer; former U. S. Ambassador to Italy; former member, U. S. House of Representatives, from Connecticut.

If I understand it aright, the Mass is at once a prayer, a vehicle of instruction in the word of God, and, above all, an action, the liturgical action whereby the "Mystery of Faith," our Lord's death on the cross for our salvation, is commemorated.

Because the Mass is all this, and much more, I am altogether in sympathy with the trend toward the use of the vernacular in the Mass. One does indeed read the English missal; but there is always the sense of being somehow "outside" the prayer and thought and action of the Church, because the priest at the altar is speaking in an alien tongue. In particular, I think that

we ordinary Christians would better appreciate the mystery of the liturgical action if we could readily understand the language in which it is enveloped.

The use of Latin does not heighten the mystery of the Mass; it merely makes the Mass less intelligible. I think we would be brought closer to the altar, and led more deeply into the meaning of what is being said and done there, if the language of the altar were our own, the familiar mother tongue in which we ourselves try to utter our stammering prayers, and make our little offerings to God our Father.

"... an atmosphere of greater communion."

George Meany



President, American Federation of Labor and Congress of Industrial Organizations; former president, New York State Federation of Labor; Member, National War Labor board.

I am heartily in accord with the idea of Mass in English because I am quite sure that such a move will create an atmosphere of greater communion among all who participate in the holy Sacrifice of the Mass. I feel that it would eventually bring the people into greater harmony with the prayers and aspirations of the priest celebrating the Mass.

"... what Monsignor Knox could do with the missal!"

George N. Shuster



Educator and author; president of Hunter College, New York City; former member, National Commission for UNESCO, Land Commissioner for Bavaria, U. S. State department; former

managing editor, *Commonweal*; author of *Religion Behind the Iron Curtain*, etc.

For the very reason that, because of belonging to an older generation I have always used a Latin missal, it seems to me evident that the laity would greatly profit if as much as possible of the Mass could be celebrated in their own language. The holy Sacrifice transcends all the tongues of men. But when priest and congregation can share fully in it, the spirit of sacred community which prevailed in the early Church is revived as it can be in no other way.

I have gone to Mass in many countries. The experience is always the same. Even when the congregation is reverent and attentive—which, alas, is not always the case—it is not with but apart from the priest. It seems certain that all this would change very quickly if there were no language barrier. The august beauty of the liturgy would become dramatically apparent. I may add that an incentive would then be given for providing better, more

attractive translations than those now available. Just imagine what someone like Monsignor Knox could do with the missal!

Knowing and reading these sacred texts would do more for the spiritual education of the laity than any other single thing of which I have knowledge. We may hope that the permission given to say parts of the ritual in English will be followed by an indult to permit the use of it at the Mass.

"... increased familiarity will bring increased love."

Arthur Hull Hayes



President, CBS Radio; director, Columbia Broadcasting system; director: Catholic Institute of the Press, Radio Advertising bureau, National Association of Radio and Television Broadcasters.

I hope the day is not far off when English-speaking peoples can hear the Mass, at least the largest part of it, in the English language which they understand. One needs only to study the missal to find the beauty that is in the Mass, but which is not fully realized by those who do not understand Latin, and these are legion.

True, one can follow the Mass in English with a missal, but look around you at Mass and see how many have missals. But even if

everyone followed the missal in English, reading could not be a good substitute for hearing the Mass celebrated in an intelligible tongue, wherein the faithful become participants in the Sacrifice rather than spectators.

In bygone times, Catholics could listen to the Divine Liturgy in languages they understood. I hope this great privilege will be given now to the millions of English-speaking people in the world to the end that the increased familiarity with the beauty of the Mass will bring increased love of it.

"... no longer silent and unresponsive."

Jane Wyatt



Actress, motion pictures, radio and TV; star of TV series, *Father Knows Best*.

When I first heard the prayers in the baptismal service said in English, I was most profoundly impressed. I think it is a tremendous help that the Church now allows Baptisms, weddings, and funerals to be administered in English.

However, when it comes to the Mass, I cannot be quite so dogmatic. I have always loved the Latin. I like the sound of it, I like the timelessness of it, and above all I like the

universal character it gives the Catholic Church. Any Catholic who has visited a foreign country must have experienced the great thrill of going to Mass and feeling completely at home when he hears the familiar Latin words.

As the world shrinks with man's onslaughts on space, it would appear to be even more important to keep the Mass in a language common to all; but as I thought this over I wondered if it were sound reasoning. Would it not be more rewarding to hear the eternal words expressed in the language of the country? Would not the words "I will go in unto the altar of God" heard in French, German, or Chinese emphasize even more the catholicity of the Church and the fact that even though our skins may be of different colors, "we are all members one of another"?

As a young girl I received a Christmas card that had been designed by a Japanese. I was shocked to find the Holy Family depicted as Orientals. Later, of course, I realized that this was a beautiful idea, and I have never forgotten it. It was truly a lesson in the vernacular.

Using the vernacular at Mass would, of course, put a greater responsibility on both priest and congregation. There would no longer be any excuse for mumbling on the part of the priest, nor would the congregation be allowed to sit silent and unresponsive. We would have to become an active, audible part of

the holy Sacrifice of the Mass. I think it would be splendid if we did!

Let us have the Mass, at least up to and including the Creed, in English so that we can receive our instruction and make our profession of faith in a language we all understand. But, please, let us always keep high Mass in the beautiful and solemn tones of Latin.

"... less distraction on the part of teen-agers."

Edward A. Strecker



Psychiatrist, Institute for Mental Hygiene, Pennsylvania hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.; former consultant in psychiatry to secretary of war; consultant to surgeon general of navy, 2nd World

War; former director of clinics and staff neurologist for Philadelphia and Germantown, Pa., hospitals; author of *Fundamentals of Psychiatry, Their Mothers' Sons*, and other works.

I am in agreement with the idea of Mass in English, although perhaps certain parts of the Mass should be left in the original tongue. My reasons are based on what I observe in church.

It is true that the members of the congregation can bring missals which provide a page-by-page translation, but, on the other hand, many people do not bring missals, some cannot read adequately, and I think

that there might be less distraction on the part of teen-agers.

I do not believe that the step proposed would weaken the bond which exists between Catholic churches in all parts of the world.

"... a closer, perhaps a more possessive feeling."

James A. Farley



Chairman of the Board, Coca-Cola Export Corp.; former U. S. Postmaster General; former member, N.Y. State Assembly; former chairman, N.Y. State Athletic commission and of

Democratic National and N.Y. State committees; recipient of many honorary degrees and citations; author of an autobiography and *Behind the Ballots*; trustee, Cordell Hull and Alfred E. Smith Memorial foundations.

I believe that Mass in English, particularly the most important parts, would give American Catholics a closer, perhaps a more possessive feeling when participating in this highest of all worship.

It is true, of course, that most of us who do not actually know Latin have a little familiarity with it, for in our early childhood we subconsciously absorb certain Latin words and phrases. For example, *Dominus vobiscum*; *Et cum spiritu tuo*; *Oremus*; *Corpus Domini nostri Jesu Christi*; *Sanguis Domini nostri Jesu Christi*. As we grow older we learn what they mean, and they are a

guide in the pattern we follow in our observance and practice during Mass.

However, these words and phrases serve in a perfunctory way, and to me, *Oremus* could never give me the hope and sense of love that "Let us pray" imparts. Nor do *Domine, non sum dignus, ut intres sub tectum meum; sed tantum dic verbo, et sanabitur anima mea* fill me with the humility and the love which "Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldst enter under my roof; but only say the word, and my soul shall be healed" could give me.

All these words, all these phrases in English would more surely bring me a deeper sense, a deeper love and reverence of Christ's mercy. I hope the day will come when we shall in fact hear Mass and participate in it in our mother tongue.

"... not change for the sake of change."

Martin J. Quigley



Publisher and president, Quigley Publishing Co.; publisher of *Motion Picture Herald*, *Motion Picture and TV Almanac*, *Motion Picture Daily*; author of *Decency in Motion Pictures*.

There are indeed many good and persuasive arguments supporting the introduction of English in the reading of at least the Scriptural parts of the Mass.

The action of the Holy See in granting permission for use of the vernacular in prayers accompanying certain sacraments would seem to suggest that other language changes in the liturgy may be in prospect. Undoubtedly the proceedings of the Liturgical Congress in Assisi in September encouraged those who seek the change.

For some, however, there is comfort in the fact that the Holy See may be expected to move with its traditional caution and deliberateness. If and when the Holy See grants the required permission it will then, and only then, be clear to all that the innovation is truly not something that shares in some measure the idea of change for the sake of change. At this point the question, now in the minds of many, whether advantages to be gained sufficiently outweigh the inevitable risks of innovation will be answered.

"... real participants instead of onlookers."

Phyllis McGinley



Author and poet; former teacher, advertising copywriter; assistant editor *Town and Country*; author of *Pocketful of Wry*, *Love Letters*, and other works.

I have always longed for a vernacular Mass. As one whose early education was deficient in many

matters (secular as well as religious), it is only recently I have been able to feel any confidence that during the service the priest and I were carrying on a genuine dialogue.

I suspect a vast number of worshippers are no better grounded. One has only to look round at the members of a Sunday congregation, half of them telling their rosaries or saying their private prayers or desperately leafing through their missals, to confirm this.

After all, Latin and Greek once

were vernaculars; and before that, the earliest Christians must have conducted their sacramental meetings in Aramaic. Surely the Mass can sound noble in any language, provided the priest speaks it nobly. And we lay people could become real participants instead of onlookers.

I would even like to see this participation reinforced by vocal responses and congregational singing. The Reformation did us another bad turn when it made us suspect heresy in hymns.

IN OUR HOUSE

In our house it's a perpetual struggle to keep closets, drawers, and shelves even reasonably straight and orderly. One spring Saturday, I decided to make a clean sweep of the house.

I spent hours tossing out old letters, recipes, mismatched hose, empty jars, old pots and pans. Then my husband gathered it all in a box and drove off to the dump.

I sat down and sighed with relief. In about an hour my husband was back. He was toting the same old box. I looked inside, and saw an odd and colorful assortment of little plastic pieces.

"And what's all this stuff?" I demanded.

"Why, I don't really know," he replied with a sheepish grin. "But look at all that good material! Much too valuable to stay in the junk pile."

Mrs. John L. Hulsey.

Tom, my six-year-old son, was going to spend the week with his grandmother, and I was packing his clothes. In another bag he was packing his catcher's mitt, a ball, and toys.

"You might take along a book or two," I suggested.

He opened his closet door and came out with several books, one of which was entitled *Child Guidance*.

"You don't want that book," I said.

"Oh, yes, I do," he said firmly. "Gramma still believes in spanking."

Ernest Blevins.

[For similar true stories—amusing, touching, or inspiring—of incidents that occur In Our House, \$10 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned.]



My Father Was a King

*His royal robe was a
sheepskin coat, but his
rule brought peace
and joy to his domain*

MY FATHER WAS a benevolent king in our home. His royal robe was a sheepskin coat in winter, blue denim in summer, collar and tie and neat suit on Sunday. He sat at the head of the table at mealtime; his handsome head bent at night over his book or paper. His presence gave us a feeling of security, warmth, and dignity.

I am trying, as I write this, to itemize the things he gave us, and

one quality in particular keeps coming before my eyes. He gave us a kind of permanent joy. Historians would say that under his regime, his country prospered, or enjoyed peace, or saw good days.

Our farm was a rolling expanse of fields, trees, and little streams of water. It had secret parts which I never fully explored, places in the woods where I might have got lost. But every kingdom needs some mystery. My father would explore it with us in brief, precious escapades in the early spring or late November, naming the plants which grew in the woods and pointing out their purpose in the total good of our kingdom.

The center of our kingdom was our home, flanked by trees, and its front yard, stabilized by the presence of the "well." The well was a deep cool crevice in the ground topped by an orange-colored pump. It was nearly 100 years old even when I was a child, and it had history, as a kingdom should have. I remember seeing my father carry big bucketfuls of its cold water to the house. He was glad to bring it in, and the idea that "a man ought to provide for his family" was an axiom with which I grew up.

Father gave us a sense of excite-

*Conception Abbey, Conception, Mo. December, 1956. © 1956 by the Conception Abbey. and reprinted with permission.

ment. The early sun would come mistily over the fields and woods and little streams of water; and without benefit of alarm clock my father would be outside taking care of things. Those were days when his early reporting for work at the post office (he was a rural carrier) prevented his attendance at week-day Mass. I used to feel a touch of mystery again, if, coming downstairs earlier than usual, I found my mother and father eating breakfast together before the torrent from the upper floor burst in upon their quiet. Things would be stirring outside gloriously: birds, chickens, cows, and little calves.

Father gave us reverence. He revered the new day, disliking to see lamps lit when the sun was already doing duty. "You'll burn a hole in the new day," he'd say. He revered thunderstorms, rains, harvests.

Father gave us peace. The peace of our kingdom's regime included a sense of wealth. There was a beautiful table with fresh butter, milk, bread, vegetables, fruit. A strange combination of frugality and largesse mixed without quarreling. We bought sparingly but used generously, and big jars of fruit from the cellar diminished with wonderful rapidity. Perhaps the wealth was most of all in our freedom and dignity. Our clothing was not often new; but when it was, there was lush ceremony attached to the buying or making

or wearing. And when we were all dressed up, driving in state to Mass on Sunday, no one on earth could have offered us enough to trade.

There were some flowers around our house, a wonderful sky above it, and glorious fields across from it. We tramped on the grass vigorously, playing hide-and-seek in the evenings till the shadows fell and the fireflies came out among the bushes. We looked at the sky and dreamed over the beautiful fields and sat on the porch when it was too late to play, listening to the little hum of voices and being glad to be together until the first child fell asleep and the procession upstairs began.

In my father's little kingdom everyone was important, with work to do. We were praised and helped. My father would listen to my mother as she read the papers which had rated good grades at school. He submitted happily to the musical concerts which we gave freely in the days when we were learning to play the clarinet and trombone. He cared about everything we did.

It never really occurred to me that we were poor. In all the books we read, being poor meant being without things to make us happy, being someone that others should pity. I remember the day in catechism class when a fellow student innocently said of me, who happened to be reciting, that I probably was represented at the crib by

the shepherds, who were very poor people. I went out to the playground and cried, and that night asked my mother what my classmate could have meant.

My father's kingdom included wonderfully happy things: Saturday-afternoon Confession hours; weekday trips to Mass and school on my father's way to work; Sunday morning's kneeling with the other children or singing in the choir. It meant the Rosary at night, indeed, but never as an enforced responsibility; rather, as a close to the day with my father kneeling beside my mother, and the rest of us marshaled around tables or leaning on chairs as he led with graceful rhythm: "Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee."

A kingdom, everyone knows, should have a past. Sometimes my father and mother would talk about the way things had been in their childhood and early married life, and I would listen with supreme tranquillity. And a kingdom should have a future. Ours did. We were all becoming something fine and great, and we would meet in heaven with the Holy Family. I used to be touched sometimes on Sunday afternoons to see my father reading a book called *In Heaven We Know Our Own*.

But a kingdom should also have a present tense. My father's kingdom had that, too. He whistled or hummed as he cranked the old cream separator. He took us fishing.

He gave the tiny children rides on his big shoes. He told us stories. He was Santa Claus on Christmas eve, making us shriek with delight.

We loved our present tense. We walked past the newly plowed fields from the church and town, where our father was respected and loved, into a home where it was joy to be. That the walking took us later so peacefully into our life vocations was only a normal thing.

I always knew it was good to grow up in my father's little kingdom where violets along fence rows were not plowed up; where everything had preciousness; where Jesus was a vital personality, the center of us all; where my father's strongest exclamation was a desperate "You old hound" to the Ford that resisted all hot water and cranking on winter mornings. I always knew it was good to grow up where so much faith and love prevailed. I always knew it was a proud thing. Often, seeing us walking home from our little town with sugar or thread, people would give us rides. And when they asked our names, we loved to say whose daughters we were.

But upon reflection now, the greatest compliment to my father's castle is, I think, that it was such great joy to grow up there. I know now that in those days he worried about family needs; he wore second-hand clothing; he prayed Rosary upon Rosary for us in quiet stretches of his mail route. But we grew

up in richness, loving beauty, sacrifice, and the good things of earth and heaven which are free to those who love.

There is one other thing a kingdom should have: an aura of courtesy and graciousness, rooted in love and beautiful humility. My father was a courtier. When our growing-up lives flowered into gladness, my father said, "They owe everything to their mother."

Chiefly, one asks of a king that he impart a share of true royalty,

a sense of peace and unity, of belonging, and of good things to come. Our farm was bounded by the kingdom of heaven, and without any lecturing we knew it. In my parents' room there was one picture I loved best of all. It was of angels adoring the Blessed Sacrament. Outside the windows, maples and cherry trees, flowers and fields, and white chickens praised, too. My father's kingdom had a glory, as a realm should have, and its glory was of our Father, God.



A PRIEST IN THE MAJORS

Father Aloysius J. Travers, S.J., who teaches at St. Joseph's College High school, Philadelphia, is one of the few Catholic priests who ever played major-league baseball. His major-league "career" lasted just one hour and 45 minutes, yet in that one stretch he established a pitching record that stands unbroken to this day.

It all happened on the afternoon of May 18, 1912, in Philadelphia's Shibe park. The world-championship Philadelphia Athletics were playing the Detroit Tigers before a crowd of 15,000. Father Travers, then 19 and a student at St. Joseph's college, was one of several college boys rushed into the breach after the entire Detroit team had staged a walkout strike to protest the suspension of the great Ty Cobb. Cobb had been suspended for getting into a fist fight with a spectator during a Detroit-New York game three days before. (The strike, by the way, was the only one of its kind in baseball annals.)

Father Travers' pitching record is not one that many men would try to break. The Philadelphia batters knocked off 26 hits while he was in the box: six triples, three doubles, and 17 singles. In addition, they picked up seven walks and stole ten bases. The final score was 24-2 in favor of Philadelphia. The fans hooted and howled at the lopsided game, but Detroit manager Hughie Jennings at least had the satisfaction of avoiding a \$5,000 fine which would have been slapped on Detroit by the league if the Tigers had failed to play the scheduled game.

Charles Scully.

Catholic=Protestant Contact in Europe

Common sufferings in the past, common apprehensions for the future are bringing Christians closer together

CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT clergy seem to get along with each other better in Europe than they do in the U.S. One reason for this is that areas where the two faiths are almost equally represented are rare. Switzerland, the Netherlands, and Western Germany are 40% or 50% Catholic; but even in these countries distinct lines can be neatly drawn, dividing them into overwhelmingly Protestant or Catholic regions.

A traveler coming from a Protestant district into a Catholic one will see that the villages are less clean, perhaps, but more picturesque, that there are more children in the streets, more flowers, more music. The church and the inn will be open longer. There are more visible signs of religion, but also more holidays, more leisure, more laughter.

Contrary to what the American visitor may expect, it is frequently

the Protestant town which has better kept its medieval character. The Protestant revolt was largely a medieval reaction against the "pagan" Renaissance.

Protestant is a vague word. The relationship between Catholics and Lutherans is not the same as that between Catholics and Calvinists.

Lutheran theology is nearer than Calvinism is to Catholic teaching. Indeed, the official creed of the Lutherans, the Augsburg Confession of 1530, represents an effort to leave a door open for reunion. The door may not be wide enough for that particular purpose, but the fact remains that the attempt was made.

In German-speaking countries one has the feeling that the debates between Luther and his great Catholic adversary, Johann von Eck, are still going on. Annual conferences between Lutheran and Catholic theologians discuss differences between the two faiths. These theologians, 12 on each side, do not

*70 E. 45th St., New York City 17. March 2, 1957. © 1957 by the America Press, and reprinted with permission.

meet in public, but their talks are of the greatest importance.

There are other contacts, on a broader basis, such as the *Una Sancta* movement, and a host of major or minor organizations which draw their membership from all Christian forces, the biggest being the Christian Democratic parties.

In countries like Switzerland and the Netherlands, where Calvinists flourish, and in France, where Calvinists number about 4% but wield great moral, intellectual, and financial influence, relationships between the two creeds are less harmonious. Calvinism is a more radical departure from the Catholic faith than Lutheranism. Contacts between the two clergies are few and far between, though the 2nd World War brought a lessening of tension, especially in France.

Thus the recent publication by a Catholic firm in the Netherlands of a book written by a combination of Calvinist and Catholic theologians on problems of dissent produced a real sensation. Yet, how deep anti-Catholic sentiment in Switzerland can be is testified to by a recent incident. Restoration work in a church formerly Catholic accidentally brought to light some old frescoes. The Protestant minister, worried by the re-emergence of a piece of "popish" art, destroyed them overnight. Violent protests, needless to say, came from *all* quarters.

This affair, however, was an iso-

lated case. It is all the more surprising since a papal coat of arms can still be seen in St. Peter's cathedral in Geneva, the "mother church" of Calvinism, in a stained-glass window to the left of the high altar. There are, moreover, in Switzerland a few *simultan-kirchen*, churches which since the time of the Reformation belong to both Catholics and Protestants. In Germany and in Alsace are about 40 of them, used at specified times by each of the two religious groups. Ordinarily, different altars are used for the various services.

Still, it is very significant that the Catholics, who constitute 40% of the Netherlands population will not carry their religion into the market place. Not even in solidly Catholic s'Hertogenbosch or in Nijmegen is there an outdoor Corpus Christi procession; and the same situation prevails in Geneva, which is more than half Catholic. But in Lutheran Berlin, where the Catholics amount to only 10% of the population, there is a Corpus Christi procession in every parish. This institution was cherished by devout Protestants in the darkest years of nazi persecution; they walked behind the Eucharist, thus demonstrating publicly for Christian unity in face of the common foe.

Theological reasons exist for the difference between Calvinist and Lutheran attitudes toward this Catholic feast. Lutherans reject the Cal-

vinist notion that Holy Communion is merely a "memorial supper"; thus, when watching a Corpus Christi procession, they understand its implications. They remember, too, that their own ancestors participated in precisely the same celebration.

It is important to grasp this last point if one wishes to understand Protestant-Catholic relations on the Continent. Unlike American Protestants, European Protestants fully realize that they have received their Christian heritage from Catholic hands; their churches, their ecclesiastical language and art, their basic civic and cultural concepts, certainly antedate 1517. In Great Britain, of course, the idea has been officially propagated that there were native "English" churches from the early Middle Ages on, which Roman influences corrupted at a later date. Such views never had their analogies on the Continent, where Protestants are keenly aware of their "Roman" past. Protestants in the U.S., on the other hand, seem to have the impression that they were preceded only by the Indians.

American and British visitors to Lutheran cathedrals and churches on the Continent will be surprised by the fact that those edifices never suffered under that terrible iconoclasm which left English and Scottish cathedrals so bare and desolate. In Nürnberg's Church of St. Lawrence the absence of confessionals (which were not being built before 1610) is the only indication

that this is a Lutheran, not a Catholic church.

In the same city, St. Sebaldus', a Lutheran church, is extremely rich in Marian art. It harbors the famous tomb of St. Sebaldus. A joint Lutheran-Catholic commission opens this shrine every 10th year to examine the body of the saint.

All this may come as a surprise to those who look for greater affinity between Anglicans and Catholics than between Lutherans and Catholics. But history shows that Catholics have always fared better under German (even Prussian) Lutheranism than in otherwise liberal Britain.

Among Lutherans we find a general feeling that the division of Western Christendom was a real catastrophe, and we repeatedly hear from Lutheran divines that if Luther were alive today, he would have no reason or desire to start his movement.

Catholics are equally conscious of the fact that abuses in the times of their ancestors contributed powerfully to our common misfortune. No wonder, then, that European Catholic and Lutheran churchmen know each other well. At the last big Catholic Congress in Berlin the Catholic chairman, a South German bishop, stayed in the home of the Lutheran Bishop Dibelius during the whole week. Accommodations for the Catholic visitors were arranged for partly by Lutheran agencies, and Lutheran churches

were used for Catholic meetings. At every *Katholikentag* an official Lutheran orator is featured.

Catholic periodicals like *Hochland* have a Lutheran adviser on their editorial boards. Conversely, Lutheran academies invite Catholic guest speakers, and the Lutheran *Christ und Welt* carried, in a recent special edition, six articles written by Catholics. The most noteworthy was one by a Jesuit, Franz zu Löwenstein, in which he exhorted his Lutheran brethren to stick faithfully to the common deposit of faith and not to flirt with subjectivism and relativism.

The picture of Luther in Catholic literature has been radically revised; consider such authors as Karl Adam, Johannes Hesse, Yves Congar, Mathias Laros, and J. Lortz. Some of the best historians also have readjusted their opinions; the loveless judgments of Grisar and Denifle have largely been corrected. It is evident today that Luther was not simply a "neurotic who wanted to marry a nun," and that he cannot be considered just "an early liberal eager for more freedom, progress, and enlightenment," either.

Both sides admit now that the reformer was fundamentally a medieval man, who rose in wrath against humanism and the spirit of the Renaissance, both of which had the moral and financial support of the Papacy. The broadmindedness, liberality, intellectualism, sloth, and

sensuousness of the Catholic world of the time revolted Luther. To them he opposed greater severity and a childlike, submissive faith that rejected logical reasoning. He was anything but the "first modern man."

Against such a background one can easily imagine what harm was done in Europe by the American film *Martin Luther*, which revived all the nonsense that people believed in the 19th century. It was severely handled by German secular newspapers, while Catholic periodicals were "sadly regretful." The net results (luckily passing) were ill-feeling among the masses, anti-Americanism among intellectuals.*

Yet, Catholic-Lutheran contacts are not the privilege solely of Germany. In Austria, too, we have seen a cardinal and a Lutheran bishop jointly presiding over a congress for Christian films and inaugurating an exhibition of ecclesiastical art. France, where the situation is more difficult on account of the Catholic-Calvinist antithesis, has a theological review, *Dieu Vivant*, with a mixed board. Even the outstanding Carmelite review, *Etudes Carmélitaines*, occasionally features Jewish, Protestant, and schismatic authors. Calvinist Switzerland is, of course, not so free and easy as the Germanies.

In Sweden and Denmark, on the other hand, contacts are multiplying. In Sweden, especially, Catho-

*See page 109.

lic theology is being taken seriously by Lutheran divines. In Scandinavia, moreover, Catholic forms of worship have been better preserved than anywhere else in the Protestant world. When I last visited Finland, Marian feasts were *public* holidays: Feb. 2, March 25, Aug. 15, and Dec. 8.

The Reformation never had in the North the character of a popular movement. It was based on a deal between kings and bishops, without letting the people realize that a change had actually taken place.

In Iceland, the Reformation was accompanied by a bloody rebellion. The Icelanders, led by their bishop, Jón Arasón, rose in revolt against their Danish overlords, who introduced Lutheran teachings. Arasón was finally captured (1550) and beheaded. The Icelanders were forced to accept the new creed, but the Catholic martyr-bishop is *the* great national hero of that Lutheran nation.

All this does not mean that there are never difficulties between European Catholics and Protestants. There is a bitter minority in Germany, led by Pastor Niemöller, which is deeply afraid of a Vatican-dominated Europe. Their battle cry is "Rather Moscow than Rome!" They are opposed by equally prominent Protestant ecclesiastics. Not yet, however, is there any immediate hope for reunion.

Much as both sides deplore the

division, there *are* doctrinal differences between Catholics and Protestants. Some of them rest only on misunderstandings, but others are fundamental differences that cannot be explained away. This is well understood by both sides. There is no room for the attitude that "I think I am right in my own way, and you think you are right in your way. Probably we are, both of us, right *and* wrong, so let's make it 50-50." There is no "communion of sacred things." At major meetings, Catholics and Protestants will attend Mass or Divine Service separately; only simple prayers are said in common.

By and large, I believe there is more mutual tolerance in public life on the Continent than there is in either the U. S. or Britain. Nevertheless, religions have their folklore, their sociological and political implications. To wealthy burghers in northern Holland, the mild leftism of the Catholic immigrants coming in droves from the South is highly suspect. Austrian aristocrats see in Lutheranism a "typical middle-class" religion.

There is a general Protestant tendency to see in Catholic culture and civilization a haven for illiterates and highbrows, a realm of sloth, laziness, and anarchy, full of demonic and eerie implications. Catholics are credited with too much imagination to be reliable or tidy or punctual. Catholics, in turn, accuse Protestants of puritanical

hypocrisy and charge that they lack artistic sense, imagination, warmth, and human tolerance.

Nothing is a greater obstacle to fruitful collaboration than an inferiority complex on one side or the other. In the 19th and early 20th centuries, this weakness characterized European Catholics decidedly more than their Protestant brethren. Nineteenth-century Protestantism was allied with the great secular forces: nationalism, liberalism and "progressivism." But today these

secular allies, either through defeat or internal bankruptcy, have gone down the drain of history, and modern Protestantism must stand on its own feet.

Deprived of its secular props and its secular illusions, it is returning to its religious fundamentals, to its basic Christian tenets and positions. The evolution, together with common sufferings in an immediate past and common apprehensions of a still darker future, is bringing Christians closer together.



THE PERFECT ASSIST

One evening, as our family lingered at the table after dinner, the conversation turned to my left-handedness. My sister-in-law began to tease me in a mock-serious way about doing everything backwards.

Five-year-old Richard sat with both hands under his chin, listening most intently.

He finally decided that I needed a defender. "Well, that isn't so bad," he interrupted gallantly. "I *chew* left-handed!"

Irene Straub.



At the height of his fame, William Makepeace Thackeray, the great British novelist, became a candidate for Parliament. His Tory opponent, Viscount Monck, was a good-natured nobleman. He was also a warm admirer of Thackeray's books.

During the early stages of the campaign, the two candidates met by chance in the street. They talked pleasantly about current events for several minutes.

As they parted, Thackeray genially repeated the popular slogan, "Well, may the best man win!"

"Oh, I hope *not*," replied Viscount Monck, with a courteous bow.

J.C.

[For original reports of strikingly gracious or tactful remarks or actions, we will pay \$25 on publication. In specific cases where we can obtain permission from the publisher to reprint, we will also pay \$25 to readers who submit acceptable anecdotes of this type quoted verbatim from books or magazines. Exact source must be given. Manuscripts cannot be returned.]

I Married Again

*A widow and a widower grow young
at heart in their twilight years*

I WROTE two rather remarkable letters to my married son and daughter. I asked their permission to get married!

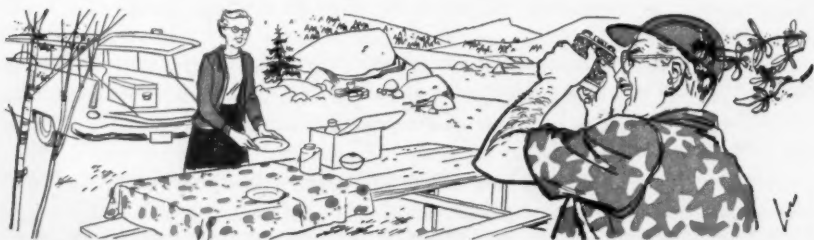
My first wife, the mother of my two children, died five years ago. I loved her very much, and so, too, did my son and daughter. I felt almost as if I were violating a sacred trust by wanting to marry again. I think if there had been only a hint of displeasure in my children's attitude, I would have given up the idea.

Thank goodness there wasn't. Their congratulations were sincere and enthusiastic. And I'm especially grateful now, a year later, because I've found peace and contentment in a new life with a new wife. I have learned to love again,

in a different way, perhaps, but it has become very clear to me that capacity for love is not necessarily restricted to a single person, place, or age.

Just as important, I have learned that this new feeling I know casts no discredit on the wonderful woman with whom I shared most of my life. My feeling toward her has not changed at all; I have simply quit limiting my capacity for affection. I have learned that this is a two-way street: that by giving of my time, possessions, attention, and affection I can find a new, important, and enlarged fulfillment in later life.

When I expressed misgivings to my daughter one day, she said, "Look, dad, the most important



*179 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill. March 24, 1957. © 1957 by Family Weekly Magazine, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

thing in the world to mother was your happiness, and I'm sure it still is. If this new life makes you happy, especially by helping make someone else happy, then I know mom would be all for it. Think it over, and I'm sure you'll feel the same way."

That was really the turning point. My new wife, Betty, was an old friend I had known many years. She was a widow who had been very fond of her husband, a fine man who also died about five years ago. Betty probably was experiencing the same misgivings I felt. Quite likely we worked out of them together.

Now I can recommend falling in love again as a rewarding experience. I can also recommend it as an important source of vitality, renewed interest, and happiness in later life. And it has a great many practical advantages, too, which become more and more apparent to me each day.

For example, I once again have a home, in every sense of the word. I love my children and I think I get along with them reasonably well. But I have no desire to live with them, even though I know they would take me—probably gladly at first. But our lives are entirely different. I would find difficulty adjusting to theirs, and I would have no right to expect them to adjust to mine. So for some years I lived alone, and didn't particularly like it. To someone who has been used to

daily companionship, living alone can be difficult.

Now, neither Betty nor I needs to live alone; we have made a new home, and a happy one, together.

I have found peace of mind as far as my health is concerned. Since my first wife died, I have been constantly fearful of an illness so serious that I couldn't take care of myself. I know this same problem troubled Betty.

Before we married, sickness might have caused severely taxing problems for the children, at a time when they were trying to raise children of their own. This is no longer a worry. Betty and I can care for each other, and have, several times.

This gives both of us a highly desirable sense of independence from our children. We have also discovered that as the fear of sickness disappeared, so, too, did the recurring physical difficulties we were experiencing. Now we not only enjoy freedom from fear, but are enjoying much better health as well.

One of the most ticklish problems we had to meet was finances. Yet we have worked it out so that everyone concerned will benefit. I am not a pauper, nor is Betty. But even though both of us are reasonably well-fixed, we could ill afford individually the luxury of travel and other recreation that both of us enjoy. Together, it's a different story.

Each of us had a house, a car, home furnishings, and similar possessions where duplication was unnecessary and often clumsy. We discussed the question carefully; then we sold the things we no longer needed. We were able to convert the extra house, car, and other personal property into a considerable amount of cash which we have been using, judiciously, I think, for pleasure we waited a lifetime to enjoy.

We will still leave an estate, something which has become rather important to me, although all of our children are doing well. Since our estates were about equal in value, we have agreed to will all our property to the surviving partner, who in turn will divide it equally among Betty's two children and my two upon his or her death.

All these arrangements were discussed in detail with the children, and they agree that the solution is a fair one.

Finally, and most important of all, Betty and I both have a new lease on life. Nothing is more stultifying than catering only to your own whims, as many elderly people slip into the habit of doing. Inevitably they withdraw more and more into themselves and build a shell of selfishness which is usually passed off as eccentricity allowable to old age.

Such a way of life is not very satisfactory, and when I found myself drifting toward it, I was deeply

disturbed. Now, I have Betty's feelings, desires, and hopes to think about, and to condition my own actions. I have to give; and the mere act of giving to the other makes living a much more satisfactory experience for both of us. And it makes it much easier for us to give outside, too.

Where time once hung heavy on my hands, when I lived alone after my enforced retirement, I am now discovering all kinds of new things with Betty's companionship to stimulate me. A lone man or woman may be a problem to the host at some social get-togethers, but couples fit in easily. There is the beauty of a landscape, the excitement of a strange town, or the pleasure of selecting an eating place on a long automobile trip; an inspiring or entertaining bit of reading; a good movie or an amusing joke—all of which take on so much more flavor and satisfaction when they can be shared and discussed.

Yes, I have learned to love again, and I recommend it heartily to anyone who is beginning to suffer from hardening of the sensibilities, crotchety thinking or just plain loneliness. To the children of these people, I say, "Encourage your parents, be it mother or dad, to accept and enjoy this new companionship if possible." And to older people, who, as I once did, are beginning to turn more and more inward, I say, "You can learn to live again if you'll learn to love again."



HER UNHAPPY marriage ended in divorce, and Dot turned to the only consolation she knew: drinking. Drifting from bar to bar became regular, and her friends withdrew.

One evening I saw her wandering down the street, staring aimlessly into shop windows. When I offered her a lift home, she accepted eagerly. On our way, I stopped for Confession, and casually invited her to come into the church with me. To my surprise, she accepted, and slipped into a pew beside me.

When we came out again, Dot was overflowing with questions: about the vigil lights, the beads in people's hands, the "praying before the statues" all around the church.

As I explained, I noticed a change come over her. It was as if a great weight had been lifted from her. "I think that lack of religion has been my greatest trouble," she confided. "How could I learn more about the Catholic Church?"

I offered to accompany her to the parish inquiry class. Thus was another bewildered soul directed toward God.

Anna Marie Bielak.

MY BROTHER Terry had his heart set on being an altar boy. But he had trouble with the Latin, and his serving had to be postponed.

Disappointed but not daunted, he tried the harder to memorize the responses. One day at the drugstore, the girl behind the soda fountain inquired about his mumbling. He explained, and she, a non-Catholic, offered to help. For several days, Terry practiced his Latin on Jo, and finally was given his chance at the altar.

Jo decided to check on her protégé's proficiency; and her visit to Mass proved to be the first of many. Then she started coming to our home, where she learned more about Catholic practices. Finally, Terry introduced her to the pastor; she took instructions and was baptized. Her step antagonized her anti-Catholic father. She left home, finished school, and then entered a convent. But she stayed only a short time, discovering her true vocation as a lay teacher in the parochial school.

Terry completed his life work at the age of 15, when he was killed in an auto accident. Mrs. J. L. McKain.

THE *Open Door* in THE CATHOLIC DIGEST helped me through the open door. I married a Catholic, and although I had no interest in his religion, month after month I did read each new issue of THE DIGEST. Soon, I found myself compelled to turn first of all to the *Open Door* section. Finally, I realized that I was interested because I, too, desired to step over the threshold into the Church. I was baptized two years ago.

Mrs. A.L.

[For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the Church \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be returned.]

Lilly Daché: Queen of Hats

*The right hat on the
right head is poetry*

WHEN LILLY DACHÉ was six years old, she cut up her mother's best blouse and made a hat out of it. The episode was the beginning of a career that was to take her from her native France to the U.S., bring her international fame, establish her as the head of a multimillion-dollar business dedicated to the cause of making women beautiful, and give her her own private Manhattan skyscraper.

Since that day in a farmhouse in southern France when Lilly proudly planted a bit of blue silk on her head and ran to show the family her new chapeau, she probably has made more hats than any other woman in the world. She has sold them to queens and shopgirls, socialites and actresses.

The magic Daché touch has not been limited to hats. A few years ago, Lilly got tired of seeing the impact of her hat styles lessened because models weren't wearing clothes that harmonized with them. So she decided to make her own line of suits, coats, and dresses. Experts warned her it would be diffi-



cult, particularly since she would have to start from scratch and learn all about fabrics, cutting, fitting, and draping.

Lilly is not easily scared off. "No matter what they told me," she says, "I had to find out if I could successfully design clothes."

Lilly's clothes, like her hats, quickly won a staunch following. With that victory behind her, she promptly started exploring another facet of the glamour business: cosmetics. She began by going into the laboratory, learning how to analyze and compound lotions, creams, and powders. She delved into new experiments with vitamins and hormones.

Today, Lilly is president of General Beauty Products, a firm which encompasses three top-level beauty companies: Lucien LeLong Perfumes, Marie Earle Cosmetics, and

Lilly Daché Hair Cosmetics. She has also channeled her talent into such allied fields as stockings, gloves, wallets, lounging clothes, lingerie, jewelry, men's ties, and decorator pillows.

"My husband says nothing is safe from me," says Lilly. "Everything I see, I want to learn all about it and try it my way."

Her husband, Jean Despres, is executive vice president of Coty, Inc. With his calm disposition, he makes an excellent balance for his volatile wife. Lilly and Jean were married in 1931 at the Church of St. Vincent de Paul in New York City. They celebrated their 25th wedding anniversary last year, and gave out some sound advice on the secret of a happy marriage.

"Just as in business, nothing comes unless you work hard for it; so in marriage, happiness depends on your investment," advises Lilly. "My Jean and I concentrate on keeping each other happy."

Lilly is a short, lively woman, with sparkling grayish-green eyes and auburn hair. (The shade of her hair changes often because Lilly likes to test out her own tints.) She dotes on big earrings, splashing jewelry, and vivid colors. And perfume. Lilly carries an atomizer much as a cowboy carries his gun. Nobody is safe from it. She startles visitors by jumping up from her desk and enveloping them in a cloud of Tailspin or Sirocco.

"Perfume is good for the disposi-

tion," she claims. "It relaxes tensions. Read the Bible, and you'll see how much they used perfume in Biblical times."

Although she came to New York in 1924, Lilly has never lost her French accent. "Lilly talks somewhere halfway between French and English, and her accent gets thicker every year," comments one of her associates. "But it doesn't matter. She's so enthusiastic about everything, you quickly know what she means."

A typical Daché day would make a hardy man shrink back into his easy chair. She gets up at seven, and dictates her way through a batch of correspondence. By eight she has had breakfast. She is a pushover for any new diet, so her breakfast can be anything from a hardboiled egg to papaya juice.

Breakfast finished, she dashes to work. Fortunately, she doesn't have far to dash. Jean and Lilly's city home (two floors filled with magnificent Chinese jade, old pewter, and embroideries) is a penthouse atop Lilly's own nine-story building on New York's E. 56th St.

Downstairs, she whisks through her main floor *boutique*, and checks up on her well-guarded millinery floor, a circular room with mirrors, satin-padded divans, and perfume in the air. Then she works her way through her glamour laboratory. Its five floors include a beauty salon and a make-up classroom, where a highly skilled staff of some 150

people attend to Daché business.

Lilly has no patience with carelessness or indifferent workers. She keeps a sharp eye out for waste, and has even been known to rescue trimmings from wastebaskets, a hangover from her days as an apprentice in Paris salons.

"There, if you threw away a piece of thread six inches long, you heard about it," she recalls.

Sometimes when things go wrong, she storms about from floor to floor, spouting indignantly at anyone who gets in her path.

"I have to live up to my legend," she says. "They would not know me if I did not make big fusses from time to time!"

In quick succession, Lilly may correct a dress design, change a hat brim, alter a model's hairdo, placate a distraught customer, or answer the phone. Or she may sit through a conference with a dozen sales managers, study a report from her Paris office, or plan a fashion show for the press.

She makes frequent air journeys around the country to visit the hundreds of stores that carry her hats or cosmetics. And just as frequently she crosses the Atlantic to Paris, London, Cairo, or Geneva in her search for new glamour ingredients.

But however hectic her day, Lilly has one unbreakable rule: at 6 P.M. she puts aside Lilly Daché's concerns and becomes Mrs. Jean Despres.

"Jean is proud of my success, but

he is also an old-fashioned French husband," explains Lilly. "He expects his wife to be waiting for him when he comes home, to put him first above any other interest."

When Lilly does want Jean's advice on business problems, she calls his secretary, makes an official appointment, and goes to his office to see him. "I never talk business at home," she declares. "There I am Mrs. Jean Despres first, last, and always."

Lilly's determination to go all the way in whatever she does has been one of her chief characteristics since her childhood in Beigles, a little grape-growing town in southern France. She was one of a family of eight. She left school at 14 because she was anxious to get started on her dream of going to the U. S. An aunt who was a milliner arranged an apprenticeship for her with a famous French milliner, Reboux. Next, Lilly worked for Suzanne Talbot, and then Georgette, both outstanding designers.

She learned her lessons well. When she finally did arrive in New York (it was Friday the 13th, 1924) she brought with her the knack of cutting a felt hat or draping a turban right on a customer's head. It was a skill that was to win her a tremendous following and turn rival milliners into copyists. All this Lilly didn't suspect, of course, on that important Friday the 13th. (By the way, the 13th has ever since been a favorite Daché date: she was mar-

ried on the 13th, she dedicated her business building on the 13th, and bought her country house on the 13th.)

With a skimpy \$13 in her purse, Lilly set out to look for a job. At Broadway and 77th St., then a fashionable shopping center, she spotted a help-wanted card in the window of a small hatshop. She got the job, and eventually, the shop itself: a few months after she was hired, the owner decided to sell out. Lilly had saved just enough to make a down payment.

Lilly's first customers were in for a big surprise. "I didn't have enough money to stock the shop," says Lilly, "but I could talk about hats till the cows came home. When a customer came in, I'd describe just the kind of hat she should be wearing. Then I'd ask for a \$2 deposit, and tell her to return the next day."

With a client safely out of sight, Lilly would dash out and buy some material to make the hat she had dreamed up.

It wasn't long before news spread of the wonderful French milliner who custom-designed hats for \$12.50. Soon women were waiting in line for consultations with Lilly, and she was able to hire helpers. Then came expansion to a bigger and better location. And Lilly's hats went up to \$20 and then to \$25.

Today, special Daché creations (she sells more than 20,000 hats a year) range from \$85 to \$150, her general line from \$39.50 to \$79.50.

Some of her customers buy as many as two dozen hats a year. Lilly has hatted Marlene Dietrich, Clare Luce, Loretta Young, Rosalind Russell, Helen Hayes, Katharine Cornell, and Ethel Barrymore. It was Lilly who designed the famous Garbo slouch hat with its high crown and turned-down brim. And she made the famous flower-and-fruit-laden turbans for Carmen Miranda.

Once Lilly glimpsed in a newsreel a customer wearing one of her hats backwards. Horrified, she immediately wired the wearer to tell her of her mistake. Next time, the customer, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, dutifully requested "a hat I can just pick up and put on without looking."

Lilly thinks that one of the biggest compliments ever paid her came when the United Hatters, Cap, and Millinery Workers' International union, which controls 85% of the millinery workers in the U.S., was trying to organize the custom millinery shops. To most shops they sent pickets bearing signs that read "Don't Buy Here." But in front of Lilly Daché's, the picket signs read: "Don't Patronize America's Foremost Milliner."

A well-known commentator once remarked that Lilly Daché has made the hat as important for women as the psychoanalyst's couch. "She has united medicine and romance," he asserted. "The average emotional problem is too minor for serious

psychotherapy, but one of Lilly's hats will do the trick."

Lilly agrees. "Buying a hat is an emotional thing for a woman," she explains. "Nobody knows a woman as her milliner does. She buys a dress for her figure and her figure cannot change from one moment to the next, but I have seen her face do that. When I see a woman's eyes brighten and her chin lift as she finds the perfect hat, I feel very happy in my work."

Lilly is frequently asked why men are so critical of their wives' headgear. "Generally, it is because the wife has picked the wrong hat," declares Lilly, "and her husband instinctively knows it. If a woman wears the wrong hat, the result is catastrophe. But the right hat on the right head is poetry."

Lilly still loves her hats, but her big enthusiasm these days is for teaching women about regular beauty care.

"Any woman who allows herself to grow old today at the age of 50, 60, or even 70 is either ill or merely lazy," she insists. "Of course, true beauty can come only from within, but it has to be properly reflected. And I want to tell women how to reflect their inner radiance with the right hair care, make-up, and exercise."

Every Friday afternoon, Lilly and her husband abandon Manhattan for a week end at their old-fashioned white farmhouse in Pound Ridge, N.Y., 45 miles beyond the

city. There Lilly works in her rock gardens and arranges her collection of antique china and pewter, while Jean indulges in his hobby, road-building.

"Each year Jean says we must have another road on the property," laughs Lilly. "They go nowhere, these roads, but they are well built, and make Jean happy."

Jean and Lilly attend the 11 o'clock Mass on Sunday mornings in St. Patrick's church at near-by Bedford Village. Jean carries their missals, and hands his wife her missal properly marked for the day.

"Then he checks up on me," says Lilly. "I like to dawdle and re-read some of my favorite prayers. Jean looks to see if I am keeping up with the priest, and nudges me if I am on the wrong page."

Lilly is author of two books, one a witty autobiography entitled *Speaking Through My Hats*, the other a glamour primer. She is currently working on two more books about beauty care. She dictates, and an editor sorts out the Gallic idioms and puts Lilly's verbs in the right places.

Some years back, the Gruen Watch Co., of Cincinnati, decided to ask famous men and women to endorse its timepieces. An advertising-agency representative from New York suggested Lilly Daché.

"Oh, that would be O.K. in New York," answered the president of the company, "but in the Middle West, especially in the little towns,

nobody would know who Lilly Daché is."

The ad man suggested that the executive go out into his factory and ask any of his women employees to identify Lilly Daché. He backed

up his suggestion with a \$5 bet: went back to New York \$5 richer. Every girl in the factory could identify Lilly Daché, and many of the girls could give the boss a detailed account of her remarkable career.



PENAL TRANSPORTATION

A battered old jalopy wheezed up to a tollgate on the Pennsylvania turnpike.

"Seventy cents," said the attendant.

"Sold," answered the driver wearily, getting out of the car and holding out his hand.

Journal of the American Medical Association (6 April '57).



On a flight from Little Rock to St. Louis I sat beside an elderly man who was evidently making his first flight. Despite all that the stewardess tried to do to reassure him, he was obviously very frightened. To make matters worse, we ran into a severe storm about 30 minutes out of Little Rock.

As the plane rocked and bucked, the old gentleman turned to me, and remarked in a breathless whisper, "My, what a terrible driver we have!"

Ernest Blevins.



A Texas oilionnaire walked into a Cadillac showroom and inspected several of the floor models with a dissatisfied air. A salesman raced over to him, whipped out an order book, and asked, "What can I do for you today?"

"My wife has come down with a touch of the flu," the tycoon explained. "Have you anything suitable in the way of a get-well car?"

L. J. R.



A car screeched to a halt at an intersection, barely missing an old lady. The driver peered out the side window, sheepishly awaiting a well-deserved tongue lashing.

But the woman merely smiled sweetly and pointed to a pair of baby booties dangling from the rear-view mirror of the car. "Young man," she suggested, "why don't you put your shoes back on?"

Dixie (17 March '57).

How Can Laws Help?

Thirteenth in a series of articles on the Catholic Digest Survey of the race problem in the U. S.

THERE OUGHTA be a law—"The cry has become a part of our national fabric, a bit of Americana.

It is characteristic of our democracy "of, by, and for the people" that we have tried to solve practically every human problem by legislation. Once we even tried to overcome that age-old business of excessive drinking by passing a law, the 18th Amendment. Other laws have been aimed at poverty and disease.

We started enacting laws relating to the Negro shortly after the first shipload of slaves reached our shores (some time before we had even gained national independence). At the moment, there are laws on our statute books aimed at guaranteeing the Negro his rights—and laws aimed at depriving him of his rights. Three years ago, the U. S. Supreme Court moved toward imposing order upon chaos by declaring that segregation in the public schools runs counter to our Constitution, the highest law of the land.

The trouble is, laws don't always work. Sometimes they achieve the exact opposite of what the designers intended. One reason is that it is much easier to make or change a

law than it is to change the minds of men. If a law is to be effective, it must be obeyed. But obedience to law, like any other kind of obedience, stems from respect. So the most effective laws are those which are commonly accepted as just and right.

To find out how Americans feel about present laws relating to the Negro-white problem, THE CATHOLIC DIGEST asked Ben Gaffin & Associates, a national research agency, to make a scientific survey of public opinion. Here are the answers to the first question asked by the investigators: "Do you think that to solve the Negro-white problem we need more laws, fuller use of present laws, fewer laws, or what?"

Need:	WHITES		NEGROES
	North	South	All
More laws	20%	17%	27%
Fuller use	40	36	64
Fewer laws	12	24	5
Other	7	6	1
No opinion	21	17	5

Enforcement of present laws is considered the better solution by about twice as many people in each of the four groups as against those who think that more laws are needed. It is nice to know that so many are in favor of law enforcement.

However, it should be noted that they aren't all necessarily talking about the same law! There is more than a possibility that the northern whites who give that answer are for the most part suggesting that we make fuller use of existing federal laws (designed chiefly to protect the rights of the Negro); whereas some of the southern whites who apparently agree with them may be thinking about fuller enforcement of local laws (aimed chiefly at "keeping the Negro in his place").

Since there is little difference of opinion between northern and southern Negroes on this question, no breakdown by area is given in the foregoing table. Although most Negroes favor fuller use of present laws, many more Negroes than whites call for more laws rather than fewer laws. Ironically, many of the "most prejudiced" southern whites join with them in calling for more laws (43%). Again, there is no doubt that some difference of opinion exists between these two groups on just what kind of additional laws are needed.

To clarify this division of opinion, the investigators next asked: "Do you think that the Negro-white problem is something to be worked out by the U. S. government or by each state separately?"

	WHITES		NEGROES
	North	South	All
U.S. government	36%	16%	55%
Each State	22	63	7
Both	32	17	35
Neither	6	1	1
No opinion	4	3	3

Not surprisingly, a majority of Negroes favor federal action; what is surprising is that so many of them agree with northern whites that the best solution will probably come through cooperation of federal and local governments. The most prejudiced southern whites, by contrast, for the most part insisted that the matter was one to be handled by each state individually (72%).

But, perhaps, since there is so much difference in opinion about who should pass what laws, the Negro-white problem is not a matter for the government at all. After all, there is not much point, in a democracy, in passing laws upon which nobody can agree. Such laws are not likely to be obeyed. So the investigators next asked: "Would you say that the Negro-white problem is something most of us should work on as individuals, or something we should leave pretty much up to the government?"

	WHITES		NEGROES	
	North	South	North	South
Individuals	33%	43%	32%	24%
Government	23	15	14	19
Both	38	33	47	52
No opinion	6	9	7	5

All four groups show a strong tendency to favor individual action over leaving the race problem entirely up to the government. Yet the majority of Negroes and of northern whites think that the government should also take a hand in the problem. And when you add the percentages of southern whites who would leave the problem up to

the government and those who think both government and individuals should work on it, you get a total of 48% (almost half) of southern whites who think that the government should at least have a role in solving the problem.

Thus the overwhelming majority of Americans, whatever their color or place of residence, think that the Negro-white problem is at least partly a responsibility of the government. If so, the kind of laws that are passed will have a great deal to do with advancing or retarding a solution of the problem. The next question follows logically from the answers to the last: "What do you think the government should do?" (This question was asked only of those who had answered that the problem should be left up to the government; therefore the totals do not add up to 100%. The answers are tabulated below.)

It is easy enough to say that this or that problem should be "left up to the government." But that statement immediately raises a pertinent question: who is the government? The copybook answer is, "Why, the people, of course, ex-

pressing their will through their elected officials." And by "the people" is meant the enfranchised citizenry, those who have the right to vote.

The Negro gained this precious right only after the Civil War, upon the adoption of the 14th Amendment. At the time, that amendment was violently opposed in the South, where it was looked upon as one of the bitter fruits of military defeat. How do Americans feel about it now? To find out, the Gaffin research men asked: "Do you think that giving Negroes the right to vote has helped or hurt in solving the Negro-white problem?"

	WHITES		NEGROES
	North	South	All
Helped	81%	47%	97%
Neither	8.	20.	1
Hurt	5.	23.	*
No opinion	6.	10.	2

Even in the South, twice as many whites say that Negro voting helps as say it hurts solution of the problem. We have come a long way since the days of Reconstruction.

Some southern whites who believe that it is right for the Negro to vote blame Negro politicians for retarding solution of the Negro-

Question: "What do you think the government should do?"

Should:	WHITES		NEGROES	
	North	South	North	South
Enforce laws, especially Bill of Rights.....	4%	1%	6%	9%
Give equal rights.....	4.	2.	3.	2
Improve education	3.	1.	1.	*
Improve housing	2.	.	.	-
Enforce segregation	3.	4.	.	-
Do less than now.....	1.	3.	*	-
Other solutions	1.	1.	1.	1
Don't know	9.	5.	4.	8

* Less than 1%

white problem. Some 45% of southern whites take this view, as against 28% of them who think that Negro politicians can be of help. On the other hand, 67% of northern whites and 92% of northern Negroes think that Negro politicians have something to offer in solving the problem. Some of the hostility toward Negro politicians in the South is no doubt a carryover from the days right after the Civil War, when carpetbaggers, scalawags, and former slaves were forcibly installed as judges, sheriffs, and "reconstruction" officials by certain northern-

ers who were anxious to exploit the tragedy that had befallen the people of the South.

Most Americans seem to believe that the ultimate solution of the Negro-white problem, when it comes, will be achieved at least partly through recourse to law. There remains one law of which we have so far said nothing; yet it may play a most important part in solving our most urgent national problem, for it is one upon which most men agree. It is the natural law, written upon the very hearts of men by their Creator.

RUSES OF ADVERSITY

A traveler who ventured to climb to an alpine village became lost in a snow-storm. He was just about to give up hope when he spied a St. Bernard dog running toward him; a neat little flask dangled from the creature's neck.

"At last!" gasped the traveler. "Here comes man's best friend—and a dog."

R. Ford.

An elderly man from the hill country called at a doctor's office, complaining of severe pain in his right leg. After making his examination the doctor said gravely, "I'm afraid that there's not much I can do for you. You see, your condition is merely the result of old age."

"Well then, how come the other leg feels all right?" the old fellow demanded. "It's just as old."

Laff.

"Mommie! Come quick. I just broke a brick in the fireplace," a three-year-old girl confessed tearfully.

"Well, that's not beyond remedy," her mother pointed out in soothing tones. "But how on earth did you do it?"

"I was pounding it with daddy's watch," the tot explained, pulling out a handkerchief and drying her tears.

F.B.

By William A. Douglass
As told to James V. O'Gara

Jobs for June Grads

Where they are, and how to get them

MR. DOUGLASS, who was graduated from college in 1951, is president of Careers Incorporated, New York City, an organization which uses modern marketing principles to get people and careers together. He is interviewed here as an expert, with the hope that young CATHOLIC DIGEST readers may thereby find their first jobs to be less elusive than they may have feared, and job hunting more exciting and rewarding than they may have hoped.

I'm getting out of school this June; what are my chances for getting a job?

Never better. This year's graduates will find job opportunities on every side. This is especially true for the college graduate.

Secretary of Labor James Mitchell has said in our publication, *Career, the Annual Guide to Business Opportunities*, that "close to 345,000 bachelor's degrees will be awarded this coming spring. This is 20,000 more than last year but still nearly 100,000 below the peak of 1950.

"Job opportunities for those receiving bachelor's degrees are excellent. In even greater demand are the 65,000 men and women



gaining their master's degrees. At the top of the wanted list are the elite group of 8,500 who will receive their doctorates." If you can afford the time and the money, graduate study should pay off in a better job.

Could you be a little more specific? I mean, what fields offer the best chances for jobs?

Engineering, teaching, and the health professions are all clamoring for people; the natural sciences, too; physicists are in great demand. Accountants, statisticians, and management trainees are among those widely wanted. It might be surprising, but the demand for accountants has increased more in the past year than the demand for engineers.

And there are many civil-service openings. According to Secretary Mitchell, "College graduates are needed for more than 50,000 positions, at one civil-service level alone, that offer starting salaries of \$3,670 a year."

Speaking of salary, a young man should not rank pay ahead of everything else. Opportunity should be the top consideration. Some of the best opportunities in America today are in what some people regard as grubby industries: the coal field (no pun intended), for instance. Not many young fellows wish to get their hands dirty these days, but there is a boom aborning in coal, most of it based on development of new uses for coal, uses you can hardly imagine.

Another field that offers unusual opportunity is retailing. But few people look into it. They should; retailing methods have changed mightily since the days of the general store.

Don't be scared away from an industry because nobody you know works in it, or wants to work in it. You can be sure you will find some kind of opportunity in an area nobody else seems interested in. This year's unfashionable field may well be next year's big profit-maker.

O.K. Suppose I put opportunity ahead of salary. I'd still like to get an idea of how much money I can expect.

Well, on the average, the engi-

neering graduate can probably command anywhere from \$425 to \$475 a month. Liberal-arts grads will receive somewhat less, say from \$350 to \$400 monthly.

What field would you say offers the most money for a college graduate?

The answer to that one doesn't depend on being graduated from college or even high school. It is selling. The best initial opportunity for making money is in sales. A salesman can make big money because he brings in money to his company. Many executives will tell you that "nothing happens in business or industry until a sale is made."

Going up the ladder is swifter in sales. And when you get to be sales manager you have \$20,000 or \$30,000 a year in sight. Some persons think that selling is another grubby occupation. But it offers endless opportunities for people willing to work, resourceful people who can cope with the sink-or-swim character of selling.

Another high-pay field, though not at the outset, is advertising. I know one young man who went to work at one of the top advertising agencies in New York for \$2,340 a year, and jumped to \$8,000 after just 12 months.

What about the draft? Should I put off looking for a job if the army is breathing down my neck?

No. Get the job first. Nearly every company I know will hire you today, even if you are to be drafted tomorrow. Companies can't recruit people when they're in Okinawa, Tokyo, or West Berlin, any more than you can look around for a civilian job in boot camp.

I have given this advice for seven years now. Unfortunately, not everybody heeds it. My office hears from more than 100 such "independents" every week. They're older now, about to get out of service, maybe husbands and fathers. They have no idea what to do. They are just realizing that while they were away about 300,000 other fellows stepped into the line leading to jobs.

You should, of course, improve yourself in the service. All branches of service offer courses of study that will help your career when your hitch is done.

All right, I'll look for a civilian job. How do I start?

The first thing you need is a résumé. Such a summary, properly written, is the key to a job. Your campaign for locating work may well be the most crucial undertaking of your life. Remember, the stakes are high: 20, 40, maybe 50 years of job satisfaction, or that many years of discontent.

A résumé? You mean something that tells my background?

It tells a prospective employer

three important things: 1. who you are; 2. what you have done; 3. where you would like to go.

Point 3 means that the résumé should include a clear, straightforward statement of your present objective in business, and the facts that will lend support to your seeking that objective. I stress present objective because with time your goal may change. If your aim changes, your résumé must change, for it is you.

Well, how about letters of application and interviews?

Interviews and letters are hard for your prospective employer to evaluate, unless they have a central objective provided by you, the person looking for a job. The man on the hiring side of the desk must know what you have done and what you want to do so that he can decide whether his company has a place for you. If you are hazy about anything, he may give you an application form to complete, but chances are that he has already lost interest.

That brings up another virtue of the résumé: it is a plan for discussion with a would-be employer. It provides you with notes for making an orderly, logical presentation of yourself.

I'm sold on the résumé. How do I write one?

The actual writing is simple. The thought preceding it, howev-

er, may take some time and work. My advice is to take a couple of "dry runs" first. Talk to your friends and family, a vocational counselor, if one is available. Try to put your job objective into words for them. See if they think you are easy to understand. If nothing you come up with seems to make sense, you might try taking a vocational test. Your local Veterans administration may be able to help on that. Service benefits often cover costs of such tests.

Don't let anybody else write the résumé for you. If you do, you will be letting somebody put words into your mouth which probably won't be supported by aims in your heart. Then you are in trouble. It is hard enough to find your own niche in life without starting off toward someone else's goal.

Now for the mechanics of writing yourself up. First set down what you can do for the employer—not what he can do for you. The statement of job objective, what it is you want to do, becomes the theme.

Next, make it clear just where, geographically, you are willing to work for the company that hires you. Many companies operate nationally, and they will expect you to move to another city, if best for the company and you.

The third important thing to get down is the minimum salary you wish. If you have had no job experience (nearly everyone has some

experience) you might decide on a figure based on your yearly needs plus whatever extra you think you have coming because of your high-school or college record. Don't figure that the \$800 you earned one month last summer selling door-to-door entitles you to demand \$9,600 a year. Still, don't make your asking price so modest that you will have to walk to work.

For those with no experience at all, and those who find it impossible to assess their relative worth, I think the best advice is simply to leave the salary line blank. Trust the prospective employer to assess your potential fairly. The day of Ebenezer Scrooge is pretty well gone.

You should also list all your qualifications and explain the reasoning behind the choice of what you want to do. Tell about your education, fields of study, school activities, and honors; whether you helped pay your way through school; your standing in your class.

Your draft classification will be fairly obvious, but be completely frank with your prospective employer about the facts in your case. You may be 2A as a deferred student, but employers want to know your status after graduation.

After you have filled in your business experience, personal background, and interests, remember to add a personal touch in presenting your story. Learn something about the potential employer, and write

him a brief note. You will find something like the following to be one of your best personal sales tools.

"Dear Mr. So-and-So: Enclosed you will find a résumé of background and qualifications.

"When a company's reputation for its product and management is as widely accepted as yours, then anyone with my training who is interested in growing into bigger responsibilities wants to meet you.

"I would appreciate the opportunity to discuss this matter with you. Will you set a date for next week at your convenience?"

Should I have a résumé for every company I might be interested in?

Yes. It can be the same one, re-typed. Or you might get 100 copies printed, or offset or multigraphed. But remember that you will be, in most cases, contacting a company cold. According to recent research, the best average you can expect is two job offers from every 100 cold contacts. Ideally, you increase your chances for a job as you increase your contacts.

What about the want ads?

Any way of getting a job is a good one, if it brings results. Many excellent jobs are offered each day in classified sections. But from your standpoint as an individual seeking a job, the want-ad method is haphazard and time-consuming. For another thing, scores of people apply for each position, and that

automatically puts the employer in the driver's seat.

What's a good way to learn something about a company I might wish to work for?

The best method is to visit the place and talk with the employees. Another is to get some literature on the company from an investment broker.

Be careful of most other sources of information. Persons with casual contacts with a firm are notoriously misinformed about the specifics of what any particular job there has to offer.

I see want ads in the papers for engineers, physicists, and whatnot, and I've heard that many big companies are recruiting employees. What can you tell me about that?

Recruiting is in full swing in the U. S. One major chemical company recently offered to hire eight unseen all the metallurgical engineering seniors in one western college. The competition for help in industry is terrific. The pressure is increasing on people like you to make up their minds about jobs.

And that in turn means you have to remember that job objective I have been harping on. It is not easy to switch careers once you are fairly well launched on one. Be sure, and have the qualifications and aptitudes to back up your choice. Don't be like some 2,000 persons who applied for a dozen

personnel-department openings with a major firm in New York recently. The 2,000 all thought they would do well in personnel work solely because they liked people!

Speaking of qualifications, I have noticed a striking fact. It is hard to get secretaries who can spell. Misspelling is not an affliction of secretaries alone, either. Many college graduates are miserable spellers. How can they expect to write decent reports or sales letters?

Another notable development is a growing realization on the part of industry that high-school and junior-college graduates can work into jobs that were previously rated for college graduates alone. Still another thing is industry's lack of interest in college women generally. The average girl is not regarded as a good long-term investment. The situation doesn't seem to be anybody's fault. Women like to get married and go where their husbands go, and have babies, and (from the point of view of the employer) college women do all of these things four years sooner than their 17-year-old high-school counterparts.

There are glamour jobs around for girls. But most such jobs make features for women's magazines, a fact that indicates how rare they are. Special programs for college women

exist in certain fields, particularly retailing, where the college market is important, and in which you can earn what you are paid with a minimum of company investment.

But the college girl generally has got to prove herself in most companies. She should have typing and preferably some speedwriting or shorthand. More important, she should be willing to start at the bottom and work up.

Do you have any final advice?

I think you ought to remember that as a young person, a beginner in business, you have no real need for security. You, together with your wife, if you have one, are your own best security. You must go out on a limb, perhaps many limbs, and see what you can do best. Risks are cheap when you are young. Not risks taken haphazardly, of course, but risks taken as part of your plan for a career.

If you think you would be good at something, be willing to get your hands dirty to find out. And do it now. Those who postpone a big move never make it at all.

This economy of ours fosters ambition. You are much better off to be called a fool for having believed in something than to have slipped by unnoticed because you never believed in anything at all.

Television sets are three-dimensional; they give you height, width, and debt.

Mrs. Bryant Worthy.

By J. J. Hanlin
Condensed from the
"St. Anthony Messenger"*

Miss Communism, 1957

*Communists' equality of the sexes means
that their women work a 12-hour day*

THE NEXT TIME, girls, that you gripe about how hard you have to work in the kitchen or in the office, think about Miss Communism, 1957. *The Soviet Encyclopedic Dictionary* proclaims, "Female work in the Soviet Union is entirely different from female work in capitalist countries." Unlike many other communist claims, this one is very true. The communists have decided that women can work harder and longer than men. Not only that, they can be forced to work for less and be frightened easier. The communists have turned the satellite countries into a vast slave-labor camp for women.

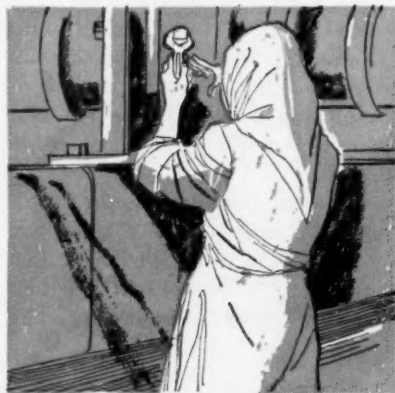
And the money Miss Communism makes doesn't go into silks, lace, velvet, and ribbons. It goes into food and more overalls, that she may work better the next day.

"How do the women in the satellites look?" I asked a businessman just back from a trip behind the Iron Curtain. "I haven't seen one for something like a year now."

"Well," he said, "it depends on

where you are. Most of them look as if they had just come in out of a bad rainstorm, except those that I saw in Poznan. They were just plain dirty."

He went on to describe women with clipped hair who were covered with coal dust from head to foot. The dust has settled in the lungs of some of them, too, he reported, and racking coughs are common. Later, I discovered in press reports that in the Kazin soft-coal mine in Poznan there are only two bathtubs to serve 60 women. In a mine in Katowice,



*1615 Republic St., Cincinnati 10, Ohio. April, 1957. © 1957, by the Franciscan Fathers of St. John Baptist Province, and reprinted with permission.

in southwest Poland, there are 18 showers for 300 women.

Women in such countries as Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Hungary don't decide whether or not to work. They work! In Hungary, during 1953, it was decided that agricultural work is primarily female work and that women who stay at home were to be deprived of their basic rights.

The Czech government in 1953 ordered that women with children who live near day nurseries must take part in urgent work. In Katowice, Poland, a scrap-iron worker named Lipelt was informed that because his wife, who was paralyzed, was not a working woman, their little son would no longer be allowed to have lunch in the day nursery but must be taken home at noon.

One night in Vienna my wife and I went to a party given by a Hungarian woman. We were surprised to be introduced to her aunt, a woman of 65 or so, who had just come from Budapest.

"Budapest!" I gasped. "What do you mean? I spend my days writing about how difficult it is to escape from communist countries and you casually mention you just arrived on the Orient Express!"

"Ah," she said, "I am 65 years old. They've taken my land and I am too old to do physical work. They were only too happy to let me join my niece in Vienna. In Budapest, they'd have to feed me."

Women who live in the settlement of the Szoeny oil refinery in Hungary are forbidden to ride on buses connecting the settlement with the nearest village. As there is only one store in the settlement, the women must make a half-hour walk to the village in all kinds of weather, carrying bags and baskets, while half-empty buses pass them. The secret for getting a ride? Work at the refinery.

In the satellites and in Russia itself, women do all sorts of work, even the heaviest, dirtiest, and most dangerous. In Poland, besides being miners they are deep-sea fisherwomen and tool-machine operators. I once went down to the harbor in Copenhagen to take some pictures of a Russian naval vessel. I noticed a number of quite young, heavy-set women in dirty clothes on board. They were working hard, seemingly unaware of being docked in one of the friendliest port cities in the world.

A few of the sailors were allowed to walk through the city to convince the Danes that Russians are as free as anyone, but the women were as busy as ants. They would pop out of one door, with bucket and mop, and pop in the next. Occasionally one would appear with several buckets, and toss the contents into the harbor. But they were perfect slaves; they never once raised their eyes to glance at their audience.

The communist press is constant-

ly appealing for women to do manual work. An example is a statement by a 19-year-old communist miss in a Budapest paper. "Before I took this work, I was a butcher in Ujpest. I heard much about the magnificent construction in Dunapentele. I almost died with curiosity to see it. Finally, when I had my four-week leave, I thought, 'why take so much relaxation and recreation?' and I came here to work. At first they used me on earth and concrete work. My shoes were consumed with mud. 'It does not matter,' I thought. 'I shall be able to stand it for such a short time. I won't buy shoes.'"

But, continued the paper, the communist miss read a book (while she was waiting for her shoes to dry out) on the life of Zeia, a heroic Russian partisan girl, and as a result (after her shoes dried out) she rounded up a whole gang of women and continued to take part in the magnificent construction work. Her brigade, the story said, decided to do the most difficult work on the site and to load concrete bags on trucks.

"One morning in February, my brigade started to work," the girl's statement continued. "The icy wind cut our faces when we rode in the open truck. We were numb with cold, and unloaded the trucks with frozen fingers. The concrete bags were heavy, and they crushed our backs. Our feet jittered under the burden and the wind pulled our

loads as if it was against us, too."

The girl would probably make a better writer than concrete unloader. The ironic thing is that while such oppression is practiced behind the Iron Curtain, the communists in the West constantly write about how workers are being exploited by greedy capitalists. Denmark has had mills shut down because they could not compete with slave-labor mills for world markets. Then, of course, the communists say, "Ah, girls, didn't we tell you! See, now you have no jobs under this rotten system."

In Poland, the chairman of the Central Board of Trade Unions, Victor Klosiewicz, admitted that (state-controlled) trade unions "do not care sufficiently even for expectant mothers and do not respect laws forbidding women to perform certain kinds of work." He cited the case of an expectant mother of five months, employed tending a furnace in a foundry, a job that communist law supposedly said women were not allowed to perform at all.

Fish cleaners in Poland have to work regularly even during the final weeks of their pregnancy. One official was quoted as saying that he had 15 expectant mothers working 12 hours a day and that neither he, nor anybody else, took precautions to protect them. Part of their job was to roll barrels weighing 220 pounds to their place of work.

In a way, one can understand

these men. If their quota is not filled, their 15 expectant mothers would be no excuse. Instead of watching over the women who were cleaning fish, they might be cleaning the fish themselves. Or digging coal. Failing to make a quota is a serious thing, indeed, in the eyes of Big Brother, the communist state.

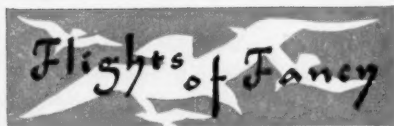
In Hungary, in the neon-tube factory, 120 women are forced to work 12 hours a day, for months on end, without being allowed to leave their machines even to eat. They must bring their bread and eat it while they work. A woman in the tube-assembling plant said that "at the end of the 12-hour shift we are scarcely able to see."

These are not only single women I have just described. Women with families work 12 hours a day, and

then return home to do their housework and queue up at the shops for their meat and bread. The party also provides "spare-time" occupations for them. On Sunday morning, for example, instead of going to church, they are forced to attend political indoctrination courses.

During 1955, in Rumania, 200,000 women were rounded up and put to work building roads. The newspaper *Scinteia* reported that the women were grateful to the Rumanian premier, Gheorghiu-Dej, "for opening a possibility to prove their faculties."

History has never known such a system of mass slavery before. Miss Communist, 1957, is being guarded with a watchful, jealous eye, not because she is a woman and a future mother, but because she can work 12 hours a day!



Spider making its yo-yo descent.

Richard T. Johnson

Miles of cacti with crew-cut heads.

Eileen Coghlan

Flames rubbing their hands together.

Shelley Smith

A report card below C level.

Mary C. Dorsey

Wrinkle: the nick of time.

S. Markiewicz

Dawn thinning the hue of the night sky.

Frances S. Moore

[You are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. Contributions from similar departments in other magazines will not be accepted. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]

Floyd Patterson, Champion

Ringmen think he will keep his crown a long time; his best friends think he will also keep his head

FATHER ARCHIBALD McLEES, pastor of Brooklyn's Holy Rosary church, was in the study of his rectory when the bell rang. He strode to the front door and saw there a smiling Catholic schoolgirl, Sandra Hicks, whom he knew. With Sandra was a shy, strapping lad who carried a bag and a pair of boxing gloves over his shoulders. The couple walked in.

"Father," the girl said, "I want you to meet a friend of mine. He would like to take instructions."

Father McLees eyed the boy keenly. He liked what he saw: a rugged, good-looking youth, poised but reserved. "My name is Floyd Patterson," the boy murmured.

For the lad who was destined to become the world's youngest-ever heavyweight boxing champion, that day in 1952 was to be one of the most important days in his life.

Father McLees and Floyd Patterson formed a fast friendship. The priest was impressed by the boy's intelligence, politeness, and sincerity. Patterson, who at that time had few friends outside the gaudy boxing world, responded quickly to



Father McLees' warm friendliness.

Father McLees is a down-to-earth man with a love for cigars and cryptograms. He devotes much time to welfare work, and is an active member of such organizations as the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the New York State Commission Against Discrimination, and the Catholic Interracial council.

He spoke Floyd Patterson's language. And from their friendship sprang some of the happiest events of Patterson's life. He was baptized and received into the Church; he

married his childhood sweetheart, Sandra, in the Church; and he and Sandra had a baby daughter—all last year.

It was Sandra who gave Patterson his first interest in the Church. "When they first came to me I sensed that they were seriously interested in each other, young as they were," Father McLees recalls. Sandra had told Floyd they could be married only in the Church. He asked her to tell him about it. She explained the fundamentals, then suggested he see a priest.

A few nights after their first meeting, Patterson took his first instructions from Father McLees, who had spent 18 years instructing prep seminarians at Brooklyn's Cathedral college.

"Floyd was eager but cautious at first," Father McLees said, pulling on one of the ten 5¢ cigars he smokes each day. "He listened intently and asked only a few questions. You could see him chewing over my words, thinking, examining, weighing up.

"I was struck by his maturity. Remember, he was only 17 at the time, but I felt that he was older than his years."

For some weeks Patterson went regularly to the big rectory in teeming Chauncey St. for instructions. Then came the first of many interruptions.

At an age when most boys are starting college, Patterson was the veteran of 44 amateur fights, of

which he had won 40. In slamming 37 of his opponents to the canvas, he had shown the unmistakable signs of fistic greatness. For a real test, his manager, Constantine (Cus) D'Amato, urged him to go to the Olympic Games in Helsinki, Finland. Floyd qualified, and off he went.

In his one bag were a few clothes (he didn't own his first suit until he returned to the U.S.), boxing gloves, and trunks. And in his pocket was a catechism, the soiled pages of which already testified that the boy was taking his instructions earnestly.

The glamour and excitement of the world's biggest sports event washed over Patterson's head. He suffered acute loneliness, spent much of his free time with his catechism, and wrote a letter to Father McLees. "Father," he said, "I feel in need of a friendly letter."

Father McLees replied, "Just say your prayers and everything will be all right. Best of luck."

Back home, a national hero after winning the middleweight-division gold medal in one of the most sensational series of bouts in Olympic history (he disposed of four opponents in 18 fighting minutes) Patterson turned professional. He traveled the country, fighting. He spent lonely months of isolation in training camps, which are notable for their grinding work and lack of social life. But that didn't bother Patterson much. His catechism and

another book about the Church were never far from his hands. He was reading and learning.

For months on end, Father McLees didn't see Floyd. But when the young boxer came to New York, he never failed to go to Brooklyn and see the priest who was playing such a big part in his life, even if by remote control.

Early in 1956, Patterson wrote Father McLees, "I think I am ready now, Father." At that time he was at his training camp at Greenwood Lake, N. Y., preparing for his fight with Tommy (Hurricane) Jackson. But would D'Amato agree to an interruption in his fighter's schedule to allow him to be baptized?

Then one of Patterson's closest friends and guides, a wealthy Manhattan hotel owner named Charles Schwefel, stepped in. Schwefel, a robust, kindly man, had been instrumental in setting up New York's "600 schools" for problem boys. Floyd was a graduate of one of them, and Schwefel had taken him under his wing. He recognized the boy's potential as a boxer, but even more important, he respected and admired Floyd as a person.

He had given Floyd a job, had advised him in matters outside the ring, and hired sparring partners so that they would be free to give Floyd a workout any time he needed it. He was deeply concerned about Floyd's welfare, and feared that the world of professional boxing might lead him astray. So he

paid private investigators to probe D'Amato's background, to see that he had no racket connections, and to prepare case histories of his associates. D'Amato could not be faulted.

Schwefel, an Episcopalian, was anxious to see Floyd baptized and married to his Catholic girl. He thought that Floyd's reception into the Church would be his best shield against the moral dangers of his occupation.

He asked Father McLees how Floyd was coming along with his instructions. "Fine," said Father McLees. "He's ready now. I'd like to arrange a date for his Baptism."

"Well," said Schwefel, "let's drive up and see him, and see what we can do."

At Greenwood Lake, they spoke to Floyd and D'Amato, who agreed to give Floyd some time off. The date was set.

It was an unpublicized ceremony, held one Saturday in Holy Rosary church, next to the rectory where Floyd had received instructions. The only other persons there were Sandra and George Warfield, a Catholic who works in New York's automobile licensing department and whom Father McLees selected as godfather. Next day, at ten o'clock Mass, Floyd made his First Communion.

A few days later, Patterson and Sandra had a quiet Church wedding, with Warfield as best man. Then it was back to camp again to

ready himself for Jackson. The winner of the bout was to go in against Archie Moore for Rocky Marciano's vacated throne.

Floyd decisioned the Hurricane in 15 rounds, despite the fact that he broke his right hand halfway through. Then he set out after Archie Moore.

A week before Patterson was to step in the ring for this, the most important fight of his career, he received a letter from Brooklyn, from Father McLees.

It read, in part, "Remember, Floyd, when you get into the ring, that you are a Catholic gentleman first and a well-known fighter second. If you should win, do not be swayed by the glory that will be showered upon you."

In the triumphal moment when the referee hoisted Patterson's arm aloft and he knew that he was king of the ring, Floyd remembered those words. A smile creased his face, but there was none of the jiggling, back-slapping, and arm-waving which are the frequent accompaniments of even a minor boxing triumph. Flamboyant play for the gallery has never been a part of Floyd Patterson's make-up.

A few moments after his victory, the newly crowned champion was told some news that delighted him even more than his conquest of Moore. His wife, Sandra, a few hours earlier, had given birth to a daughter. Patterson was scheduled to hold a press conference next day

in Chicago, but he climbed into his car and sped straight back to New York to see his wife and newborn baby.

On Dec. 16, less than a year after Floyd's own Baptism, Patterson's daughter was baptized Seneca Victoria Elizabeth at Holy Rosary.

Patterson's reserve makes him hard to appraise. Father McLees says, "In some ways, he is one of the most remarkable men I have ever met. He had an unbelievably tough childhood, the sort of training that might have made him a hoodlum; yet today he is shy, polite, and quick-witted.

"He impresses those who don't know him as being slow and cautious and difficult to talk to. I know him as a solid young man, warm, friendly, and thoughtful."

D'Amato says, "He's still kind of a stranger to me even, but I know he's as loyal as they come."

A look at Patterson's childhood is necessary if one is to understand fully Father McLees' estimate of him. He was born of poor parents in a humble log cabin in Waco, N.C. When he was two, Floyd's parents moved to Brooklyn in search of some of the better things in life. With 11 children, the family improved its fortune but little.

Floyd, reared in Brooklyn's asphalt jungle, showed the effects of his environment. He joined gangs, stayed away from home, roamed the streets at night, fought with other delinquents, refused to go to school,

and once, driven by the pangs of hunger, broke into a store.*

His mother, a sturdy, sensible woman, complained, "I'd take Floyd to the front door of the school, and he'd walk right out the back door."

She decided to put him into an institution for wayward boys. It was a hard decision, but her courage paid off. Supervisors handled Floyd with understanding and kindness. Floyd reacted by taking a deeper interest in school work.

Two years later, he transferred to Schwefel's Public School 614 on Manhattan's lower East Side. He had to make up for a lot of lost time, but he applied himself diligently and became a star pupil and ace athlete.

Today, Patterson's professional fight record stands at 32 bouts, with 31 wins and one loss, the latter a disputed one to Joey Maxim. His superb physique, lightning-fast hands, poise, and stamina make him perhaps the most "complete" boxer in the ring today.

Floyd has had a profound effect on men around him. During training, his sparring partners have read the catechism with him and gone to Mass with him. One has sought to enter the Church. He has persuad-

ed his mother to send five of his brothers to Catholic schools.

Even before his Baptism, Floyd contributed generously to the Church from the purses of two winning fights. And after his victory over Moore, he wrote another substantial check for Holy Rosary.

"My faith has given meaning to life for me," Floyd has said. "It has given me confidence, and it has brought me tremendous happiness."

The champion has one great regret. Charley Schwefel, his benefactor, wasn't around to share his happiness the night he won the crown. Schwefel died suddenly last August, just a few months before his protégé was to justify his expectations.

Prizefighting history is cluttered with men spoiled and broken by success. Will that happen to Floyd Patterson? Father McLees, who has never seen Floyd fight except on television, says, "That remains to be seen, but I don't think so. He is too levelheaded."

There is ample evidence that the priest's opinion will be proved correct. Despite his overwhelming Olympic victory, Floyd returned to the U.S. completely unaffected. And in the months since he won the title, there has been no need to get him a larger-sized hat. He is still very much a nice guy.

*He also entered into an invalid marriage which scandalmongering Robert Harrison developed into an article for his fleshmongering *Confidential* some months ago. Ed.

Mechanic to owner of old, broken-down car: "Let me put it this way—if your car were a horse, it would have to be shot."

Frances Benson.

By Elizabeth Pesek
As told to P. J. A. Kennedy
Condensed from "Friar"*

I Nursed Fred Snite

I saved his life once; he gave me the faith

MORE THAN 200 nurses were engaged in service to Frederick Snite, Jr., during the 18 years that he lived in an iron lung. I was his nurse for only two of those years, 1949-51. But I probably owe the most famous polio victim in the world more than anyone else does; for it was through Mr. Snite that the gift of faith was given me.

In many ways it was an easy job, but there was a heavy shadow that hung over all of us: the fear that the iron lung might go wrong.

The thing that impressed me was the way the lives of his parents, his wife, and his children were geared to that iron lung. It was like the center of a clock, and all hands depended on that center. But, of course, away back in their minds was the divine providence, like the works in a clock, which ultimately guided everything.

I will never forget Frederick's mother. She was never far away, always on the other side of the door. She did not try to monopolize her son, or dictate to the doctors and nurses, or interfere with the regular



schedule. She used to work for hours on his meals, especially when he had a gall-bladder attack and needed special diet. She would always fix his tray, providing the freshest linens and picking the flower that always came with the meal.

Every day the family would kneel in front of the iron lung and recite the Rosary with Frederick, very slowly; the three little girls would be closest to their father. You can imagine how that soft, unhurried prayer impressed me.

From the beginning of my service on the case I was on the defensive.

*Rochelle Park, N.J. March, 1957. © 1957 by the Order of Friars Minor, New York, and reprinted with permission.

I was afraid they would try to rope me into the Church. But I was in for a surprise. Nobody mentioned religion to me directly at any time, but many little things gradually affected me.

Frederick did a lot of spiritual reading, but he played bridge and bet on the ponies, too. I used to fix the book for him upside down in front of the slanted mirror so that he could read it right side up. When he signaled, I'd turn the page. I used to peek at the book occasionally, but not much; it was hard to do so without colliding with Frederick's gaze in the mirror. What impressed me more than anything was the way he devoured a book. Father James J. Walsh gave him, *True Devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary*, by St. Louis Grignon De Montfort.

Father Walsh was always on crutches or in a wheel chair himself, for he was afflicted with arthritis, and it gave one a lift to see how pleasant and patient he was. He discussed this book with Frederick for a very long time. Without saying anything, I started to read about the Church when I was off duty.

Several things about Frederick Snite impressed me. The first thing I noticed was his easy, limitless patience. One morning we sat him up with the chest respirator in place and his arms on the side of the chair. I walked away, thinking he was all right, but when I looked

back, I saw his arm hanging down like dead weight; it had fallen off the armrest! He looked so helpless that I felt ashamed of my shoddy performance of my duty. Tears came to my eyes as I rushed back, lifted the arm, and apologized. But he said, almost casually, whispering in time with the respirator, "Oh, I—do—not—mind—little—things—like—that." He really meant it.

Since Frederick could not stand artificial heat we had to keep moving from one climate to another. He spent most of his time in Florida, but it got so hot there along about May that we would bundle him off to the Snite residence in River Forest, Ill. There we would wait for weather reports from Minocqua, Wis. The summer in Minocqua was beautiful. The climate was perfect for Frederick and everybody else, but there was one drawback. When we removed Frederick from the iron lung for sunbathing, he was bothered horribly by insects. But never once did I hear him complain. Gradually I learned that he put up with such things as a penance.

Another thing that impressed me was his genuine, humble simplicity. He certainly disliked being the center of attraction. He didn't like the hullabaloo over himself in the papers and newsreels and in church when we went to Sunday Mass. Had he been allowed his own way, he would have preferred an anonymous hide-out; but he put up with

all the publicity to help other polio sufferers, and only the Lord knows how much good Frederick accomplished for others in this way.

As long as I live, I'll never forget what we both went through one night in Breezy Point, Minn. The doctors had gotten Frederick interested in bridge, as a therapeutic measure, and we had gone to Breezy Point for a tournament. I was on night duty with him, on the second floor of the hotel. I had warned the telephone operator to stand by at the switchboard all night.

Our great fear was that the machinery of the iron lung might stop working. If the electric power were cut off, or if a bird on a wire broke the electric circuit, the bellows would stop pumping. That fear made the job nerve-racking. Other polio victims might last quite a while outside an iron lung, but not Frederick; his respiratory tract was severely paralyzed.

Shortly before daybreak, I noticed a sudden silence. The machine had stopped pumping. The bellows were not moving. I knew that Frederick could last only about as long as a normal person could survive under water. When that machine stopped, it was just as if someone had grabbed him by the throat.

I ran to the telephone, got no answer, left the receiver off the hook. Then I took hold of the handle that was used to pump the bellows by hand in emergencies; but

it was stuck and wouldn't budge. I took off my slipper and banged the handle with the heel, but still couldn't move it. I looked up (the lights were off in the room, and to make it worse my flashlight had failed!) and in the red light of dawn I could see Frederick was going fast. I remember calling, "Pray, pray, pray!" But I really didn't have to tell him that.

Then I pumped the bellows without using the handle for an eternity of 20 minutes. Finally the telephone operator heard the signal on the switchboard and got going. Leonard Hawkins, the manager of our mobile hospital, came dashing into the room, and in a few minutes hitched up the electric pump of the iron lung to the auxiliary generator in the bus. Another second or so and Frederick would have been dead. I think that was the night I really began to pray.

Ten or 15 minutes later, when everything was all right again, I heard him say, "Poor—Miss—Pesek! What—an—ordeal—for—you." I really cried; not because I was sorry for myself, but because he was always so sorry for everybody else.

Everything about the case impelled me to become interested in the Catholic Church; but one of the biggest incentives was the simplest thing imaginable, something about little Mary.

We had all gone to Sunday Mass together. I was standing by the iron lung. The three girls were in the

same pew. A little boy in the pew behind Mary was pulling her curls and scratching her neck. But she never looked around nor gave him any recognition. He finally got discouraged. It may sound strange, but I kept thinking: I wish I could pray like that! I have often thought of that little incident. It was not the main motive that brought me into the Church, but it was one of a thousand little things that helped.

I went to Frederick's funeral in

1954. A eulogy was given by Father Cavanaugh, C.S.C., of Notre Dame, where Frederick had gone to school, but I couldn't tell you a word that Father said. All through the Mass my mind kept repeating something Frederick had once said.

"The faith that brought me peace also taught me that this life is a preparation for the next. In other words, I have a job to do like everybody else. I have not been left out."



CONFUSION OF TONGUES

The village blacksmith hired a new assistant. "Now, listen carefully, and I'm sure you'll do all right," the blacksmith told the nervous young lad. "I'll take this horseshoe from the fire and put it on the anvil. When I nod my head, you hit it with this big hammer."

The assistant did just as he was told. Now he's the village blacksmith.

E. E. Kenyon in the *American Weekly* (17 Feb. '57).

Directions posted in English in a public telephone booth in Japan: 1. Firstly, read following directions. 2. Please ready with ten yen coin, take off transmitter and lastly send around the dial. 3. When not connected, put on transmitter as it was, and coin will come out on return hole. 4. For suburbs communications, please notify it.

Southern New England Telephone News (March '57).

At a certain international conference a large sign was erected near the speakers' platform. It was directed at press photographers, yet there was no immediate indication of the fact. It read: "Please do not photograph the speakers while they are addressing the audience. Shoot them as they approach the platform."

The *Far East* (April '57).

Weather Forecasting by the Year

The world's No. 1 weatherman and an electronic 'brain' get together for long-range predicting

I HAVE JUST SEEN the most daring weather forecasting of all time: for months and even years ahead.

For the West, I am informed that Los Angeles is due for a heat wave and smog conditions in late August and early September. For the East, experts have already been spotting the individual hurricanes of 1957: Audrey, Betsy, or whichever. This year the experts will stick their necks out to predict not only when the storms will hit, but the path each will take.

For the whole country, these weathermen have worked out the first five-year drought forecast.

At Denver, Colo., Dr. Irving P. Krick, often called the world's No. 1 weatherman, has made the biggest breakthrough in forecasting in a century. It is push-button weather prediction. For the first time, Dr. Krick is using a mechanical "brain," the high-speed electronic computer Univac, to make dependable predictions for a day, a month, or a year.

Teletyped data flow continuously into the busy Krick headquarters

from hundreds of weather stations on three continents.

These multitudinous observations, plus all the details of every day's weather over the Pacific ocean and in North America since 1899, are punched onto cards and fed into the lightning computer. The \$1-million maze of tubes and grids makes thousands of complex calculations, and comes up with your weather in a jiffy.

"It would take us three months by ordinary computing to work the same weather problem Univac solves in seconds," says Dr. Krick.



*Washington Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. February, 1957. © 1956 by Farm Journal, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

The new push-button technique is the fruit of 25 years of research and development. It started with Krick as a youthful and enterprising professor of meteorology at the California Institute of Technology. The methods now adapted to Univac were battle-tested in the 2nd World War. Krick has used them successfully in commercial forecasting for farmers, industry, the airlines, power companies, and scores of other clients in the U. S. and abroad.

As with all electronic "brains," the success of Krick's computer depends on the methods adapted to it and on accurate data. Nor has the "brain" done away with the weatherman, Dr. Krick explains. "We need his formulation of complex equations to feed into Univac, and we need his expert interpretation of the solutions that come out."

How accurate is push-button weather? Well, at Thanksgiving time, 1956, heavy snows paralyzed the eastern Great Lakes and some of the states declared emergencies. Three months earlier, on Aug. 8, Krick's machines had predicted the record-breaking storm almost to the day. Again on Nov. 5, the Denver weatherman alone had given a storm warning on his regular "Krickcast" over Cleveland radio station WGAR.

On Oct. 25, Krick made his nation-wide Christmas-holiday forecast. He says he hit it in 44 out of 48 states.

Last year, Krick machines accurately forecast the storms of the hur-

ricane season. On Sept. 23, for example, Flossie struck the Gulf coast. Flossie had been predicted in Denver on May 15. Krick "busted" on only one hurricane forecast all season.

Similarly, on June 7, Dr. Krick warned the Midwest and East coast of unseasonable September cold. He hit it on schedule.

But one large-scale test topped them all. In July, 1955, the Krick staff predicted the basic weather pattern for the entire U. S. for July a year later. The Krick people claim that after all information on weather conditions in North America was gathered and analyzed, the year-old forecast was almost 100% accurate.

"Thus for the first time," declares Krick, "we have developed a method which will forecast for one year or ten, with more dependability than customary methods will do for the next 24 hours."

This April, Dr. Krick made the first *five-year* drought forecast, a look ahead vital to the farm belt, water planners, and the whole economy.

What is the Denver weatherman's secret? How can he do it? Simply put, his method is based on the fact that weather repeats itself. Krick explains that the atmosphere is made up of great wave-like movements similar to the waves and tides of the ocean, and likewise predictable.

Curiously, baseball had something to do with verifying the wave movements.

"Back in the 1930's," Krick relates, "some Midwest ball clubs asked us at Cal Tech whether it would pay to insure against rained-out games. Four and a half years' research showed us that the wave systems seemed to affect weather and frequently touched off a Midwest storm every six or seven days."

Subsequently, other researchers showed that the wave-like disturbances travel around the earth from west to east in rhythmic patterns and obey natural laws. Says Krick, "No doubt these wave systems, reflected in the planetary winds, were set in motion millions of years ago. And since they are like the tides, although much more complex, we reasoned, 'Why not also predictable?' In short, if you know past weather behavior you can tell what it will be."

Thus the idea for long-range forecasting was born. Soon the young scientist was making a reputation forecasting for the fledgling airlines and other West Coast businesses.

Krick showed me a weather map. "Up there in the Aleutians, or down here off Bermuda, anywhere around the earth," he said, "you see the reflection of giant wave systems. Every level of the atmosphere may be affected by different pressure waves, but they're all reflected here on the ground in what your weatherman talks about every day as the stationary or moving high or low-pressure areas." Krick flipped another map. "Better yet, think of these as mam-

moth hills or valleys of air. They may change their size and shape and direction from day to day; they may migrate north and south with the seasons; but they are always there, and on our knowledge of their make-up and historical behavior we pin our forecasts."

At Denver, Krick forecasters keep a close eye on one mammoth "hill" in particular, the Pacific high, which lies off the Pacific coast the year around. Krick calls it the "control cell" for North American weather.

"It has more to do with our weather in the U. S. than any other atmospheric feature. Let's say this high is located off California; then storms moving landward from the far Pacific are forced around this 'hill' and strike the Northwest. These migratory storms always move from west to east. The storm that hits Portland, Ore., today may affect the weather at Portland, Me., about a week later. In short, with a Pacific high of a given shape and size, in a given place with a given pressure at its center, we can just about count on a given weather sequence across the U. S. during the next six days."

Using this Pacific "control cell," Krick was already pioneering with the first long-range forecasts, 30 days and beyond, when the U. S. entered the 2nd World War. Although his forecasts were still experimental, Gen. J. J. Arnold, Air Force chief of staff, was impressed, and put

Krick and his staff to work on a crash program for the military.

At a cost of \$2 million, Krick and others compiled 15,000 maps and plotted northern hemisphere weather for every day back to 1899. Every item of weather data for daily observation at noon, Greenwich mean time, was charted, much of it dug out of the logs of old whaling ships and from other rare sources used before the days of radio reporting. Finally, the Krick staff catalogued the pressure patterns into basic types. By determining the weather each pattern produced, they simplified forecasting and provided the military with a vital new tool. Krick's long-range forecasts were the only usable ones available to the U.S. in the 2nd World War, and they played a big part in victory.

One day in early June, 1942, Krick alerted the chief of staff, Gen. George Marshall, that the Japanese might be on the way to Dutch Harbor in the Aleutians. He described a weather front moving from Japan eastward that would provide cloud cover for the Japanese navy, then under radio silence. Krick also pointed out that the cold front with severe icing conditions would ground our scout planes.

The Japanese struck Dutch Harbor exactly on the day predicted! Without Krick's long-range alert, U.S. forces might have been completely surprised. Later, Krick, as senior U.S. military forecaster in the European theater, helped pick

the right weather for D-Day and the Normandy invasion, the crossing of the Rhine, and the invasion of North Africa. Years ahead of anybody else, Krick predicted "jet-stream" movements in the upper air, an extremely important finding for the age of the jet aircraft.

The war over, Krick returned to his post at Cal Tech and to commercial forecasting. (Krick and most of his staff left Cal Tech in 1948 to establish his present organization.) In time, the more conservative U. S. Weather bureau began to follow Krick with long-range forecasts, up to 30 days. But, using a different system, it was often inaccurate.

Now comes Univac. While Krick, using the atmospheric-wave principle, has been making usable forecasts for years, Univac is the final touch. Krick experts have been able to predict what a single feature, such as the Pacific high, will do. However, there was still one huge gap: just how do those wave systems interact, and what happens in the transition from one weather pattern to another? But it was humanly impossible to calculate (the work of perhaps 75,000 men) within a period of time during which the information might still be of use.

Univac, with its incredible "memory" of 21,000 days of weather, does it in a hurry now. At Denver, Krick experts feed the "brain" punch cards with complex atmospheric equations. These punch cards are a composite of the weather at all levels of the

atmosphere from the ground to the top, from 1899 to date. An operator presses a button, and Univac works the equations for whatever forecast is required.

Dr. Krick patted his electronic partner affectionately. "On the basis of past behavior," he said, "Univac can now calculate the position, shape, size, and pressure of key

weather features at the earth's surface for any time in the future. Thus we can give you the weather with high confidence for years to come!"

"What kind of weather can I expect for Christmas next year?" I asked Dr. Krick, as I left Denver.

"Morning or afternoon?" he wanted to know.

NEW WORDS FOR YOU

By G. A. CEVASCO

From Latin and Greek, our English language has taken not only a good number of words but certain word roots as well. One way to improve your vocabulary is to learn these roots, since the root contains the core of meaning. You can often determine a word's meaning from context once you recognize its root.

Vertere in Latin means to turn. Of the many words built from this root (*ver*, *vert*), a dozen are listed here. Try to match the columns below.

Column A

1. *controvert*
2. *versus*
3. *avert*
4. *advert*
5. *obverse*
6. *inversion*
7. *introvert*
8. *extrovert*
9. *vertigo*
10. *animadversion*
11. *diversionary*
12. *subversive*

Column B

- a) Tending to overturn, especially morals or allegiance.
- b) To deny or oppose.
- c) Serving to distract.
- d) To turn or bend inward, especially one's interests; one so inclined.
- e) To turn or bend outward, especially one's interests; one so inclined.
- f) To refer, to turn to.
- g) Act of turning upside down or inside out.
- h) To turn aside; to prevent.
- i) Turned against, as in legal action or contest.
- j) Turned to or facing observer; principal surface as opposed to reverse.
- k) Dizziness; a "turning" in the head.
- l) Turning of attention, usually with disapproval; adverse criticism.

(Answers on page 108.)

By Janice Tyrwhitt
Condensed from "Maclean's"*

What You See and How You See It

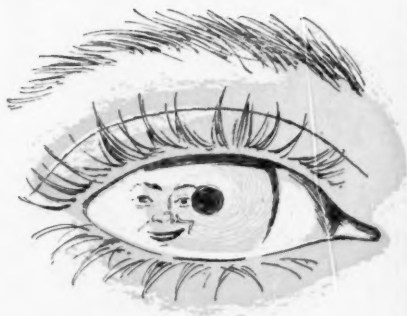
Your brain has as much to do with seeing as your eyes

MOST OF US like to think that seeing is believing. The other senses may play us false: the tongue may lie and the ear deceive, but the eye reports only the truth.

This reassuring notion, eye experts have discovered, is far too optimistic. No two persons ever see the same things in exactly the same way. For sight is as much an individual affair as love, passion, or hate.

Seeing is handled by your brain as well as by your eyes, and your view of the world is as different from someone else's as your dreams, your IQ, or your opinion of a Picasso. Brain injury can blind you as surely as the loss of an eye, and mental illness can twist your surroundings into nightmare shapes. Even if your vision is normal, the way things look depends on the way you think about them. What you see in an ink blot or a cloud formation has a lot to do with what you are.

Your eyes are translating devices



that gather rays of light and transform them into nerve impulses. The message sent by them into the brain is meaningless until it is interpreted by your mind.

Vision provides twice as much information as all other senses combined. Because it puts your brain in direct contact with the outside world, vision has tremendous speed and impact. You respond to a visual stimulus in a fraction of a second, yet the emotional effect of one shocking sight can last a lifetime. Whenever you open your eyes, you set in motion a process faster than sound, more efficient than photography, a thousand times more complicated than the most intricate electronic system.

*481 University Ave., Toronto 2, Ont., Canada. Feb. 2, 1957. © 1957 by Maclean-Hunter Publishing Co., Ltd., and reprinted with permission.

The secret of seeing lies in the retina, the sensitive membrane that changes light rays into electrical impulses. Thinner than tissue paper, fragile as grapeskin, the retina is stretched across the back of the eyeball like the lining of an eggshell. Its innermost layer is composed of 137 million nerve endings from the brain, tiny cells that absorb light and transform it to electricity through a chemical process.

Your brain is also responsible for the fact that you see things right side up. Before rays of light fall on the retina, they pass through an elaborate arrangement of transparent lenses and focusing mechanisms which invert light rays so that the image they cast on the retina is actually upside down. But by the time a baby learns to see, his brain automatically reverses the retinal image in much the same way that a man shaves by looking at his reflection in a mirror.

On the jumble of colors, shapes, and shadows presented to it by the eye, the brain imposes pattern and meaning. We look out of a window and see more or less what we expect to see: trees with their branches poised above their trunks, cars moving at certain speeds, flashing lights spelling out familiar advertisements. We interpret these sights so easily that we forget that we would find it impossible to do so without years of training.

A newborn baby's eyes are not fully developed, but they could

give him a fairly complete picture of the world around him if his brain were capable of organizing the things he saw. Within six months he can see things accurately and in color, and his eye muscles have become co-ordinated. But the child gradually learns really to see only after about six years of struggling to make sense of the images his eyes receive.

Within a few weeks he can fix his gaze on his mother's face, but it takes him several months to distinguish between her face and that of a stranger. Bright, moving objects catch his eye, and he especially likes red and yellow. (By the time he reaches school age his taste will probably have shifted toward blue or green, although sociologists have found that children from poorer districts and people in primitive societies continue to choose gaudy colors. A preference for cool colors seems to accompany maturity and reasoning power.)

By mentally linking up the way things look with the way they feel, taste, and move about, the child comes to see that the world is not filled with mere moving blobs of color. He learns to see, rather, objects of definite size and shape with a special significance for him in terms of food, warmth, comfort, amusement, and affection.

The experience of people cured of congenital blindness shows that full vision is slowly acquired. In 1932 a Leipzig physician, M. von

Senden, published a report on 66 patients, blinded from birth by cataract, whose sight had been restored by operations. Since they had never seen anything, even in dreams, these people were at first bewildered by the sights that seemed to press in on them from all sides. They found it hard to estimate size.

When shown objects they were accustomed to handling, they were unable to identify them. Sometimes they couldn't even see the difference between a pencil and a key. Some took weeks to distinguish between a square and a triangle, and even longer to recognize that two triangles of different colors were the same shape. Some spent years learning to read letters and numbers, even as children do.

It takes us years to grasp the idea of space. Three-dimensional vision (the brain's ability to fuse the separate images seen by your two eyes into a single picture) is only one of the factors involved in depth perception. If you close one eye, your field of vision is reduced by about 25% and your ability to see depth is impaired, but you can still estimate distance from experience.

A baby thinks that the moon and a ball are equally close to him because they appear the same size, but an older person has learned that near objects look bigger than distant ones. When a child of five draws a man walking uphill, he may show the man perpendicular

to the slope of the hill, defying gravity.

Seeing also depends on the kind of person you are. Now, it has been estimated that each eye can send a thousand million impulses per second to the brain. From the vast panorama presented by your eyes your mind chooses significant details. You can stare at a sign without becoming aware of its message; a fragmentary glimpse of some familiar object can give you the impression that you have seen the whole thing clearly.

"There is plenty of evidence in children's drawings, and in adult errors in perspective drawing, to show that a person looking at an object thinks he sees more of it than he does," Dr. D. O. Hebb, head of the department of psychology at McGill University, points out. "What he knows about the object appears in his drawing, as well as what is visible at the moment."

To some extent the way you see a thing depends on the meaning it has for you. In one experiment, ten-year-old children judged that coins were about 25% larger than valueless cardboard disks, although the disks were actually the same size; and the poorer the child, the more he overestimated the size of the coin.

Vision can be affected by psychological reaction, as in hysterical blindness, a curious condition in which a person with healthy eyes is genuinely unable to see. A hysteri-

cally blind person is usually faced with problems he can't cope with. His brain provides a temporary, involuntary escape by refusing to handle messages from his eyes. Although an ophthalmologist can detect this form of blindness by various tests, such as shining a light in the eyes and finding that the pupils contract (a normal reflex action), it can be treated only by psychotherapy or by removal of the emotional pressure that caused it. A certain woman suddenly became blind after she and her husband had lived for some time with his mother, whose interference she resented. When they moved to a house of their own, she began to recover.

In the 2nd World War, men exposed to combat sometimes suffered emotionally induced blindness such as tunnel vision, which makes one see as if through a tube. For men so battle-shocked that any sight or sudden movement may terrify them, tunnel vision apparently provides protection by reducing the source of alarm.

Night blindness, another war-time handicap, may be fear-induced or even imaginary. A survey made by a British researcher indicated that 90% of his subjects who complained of poor night vision actually had normal night vision. Night blindness is ordinarily caused by a deficiency in vitamin A. Although most of us get plenty of vitamin A, people suffering from hepatitis, hyperthyroidism, and certain other

conditions sometimes have to take more of the vitamin. But if your night vision is normal, you can't improve it by taking extra quantities of vitamin A.

Other forms of mental illness are reflected in vision. To the schizophrenic, who has trouble organizing himself, the angles in a room sometimes shift out of balance so that the walls appear to be closing in.

People who become extremely depressed sometimes find that things around them look dark and dull. They complain of dim lighting, and find it harder to read signs because they see less contrast between the letters and the background. As they recover, everything takes on heightened color, and even the sun seems brighter.

Although the brain holds the key to seeing, our commonest visual troubles are physical shortcomings in the eye itself. Short sight, long sight, astigmatism (where vision is distorted by irregularities in the cornea, the transparent coating of the pupil and iris) and aniseikonia (a rare condition in which the two eyes see images of different sizes) are caused by structural defects which can usually be corrected with spectacles. Color blindness results from a flaw in the retina that usually can't be remedied. Crossed eyes are due to lack of muscular and mental co-ordination between the two eyes. Presbyopia, the farsightedness of middle age, is one of

the natural degenerative changes that occur as the body grows older.

Of all eye defects, myopia (short sight) is the most familiar and the most controversial. Is it caused by eyestrain, too much reading, inadequate diet, or some psychological difficulty? Can you prevent or cure it by exercise or throwing away your spectacles? Is the common belief that myopic people are shy, bookish fellows based on fact or fancy? All these questions are hotly debated, although most doctors are convinced that myopia is simply an accident of overgrowth that can be corrected only with concave lenses.

All babies are born longsighted, and gradually develop normal sight as their eyeballs grow proportionately longer. While some eyes retain a degree of long sight, others grow too much and develop myopia. This usually begins to appear about the time a child reaches school age, increases through adolescence, and levels off when he stops growing. Like extra height or big feet, an overlong eyeball is usually hereditary, and for the myopic child glasses are as necessary as shoes.

Because the progress of myopia coincides with a child's schooling, people once thought that prolonged close work caused short sight. Nowadays eye specialists think it is more likely to be the other way around: the shortsighted child may turn to books because he can handle them

more easily than sports. According to Dr. Arnold Gesell of the Yale Clinic of Child Development, markedly myopic children tend to concentrate on close-up activities, and often show an early aptitude for talking, reading, and memorization.

Some people think that exercising your eyes can cure short sight. Although doctors concede that you can train yourself to be more observant, they point out that you can't change the focal length of your eye by relaxation, concentration, or exercise.

Since no one has fully solved the mystery of how we see color, there is no treatment for the most common form of color blindness, which permanently impairs your ability to see red and green. Like hemophilia, this defect is carried from grandfather to grandson through a mother with normal vision.

Even for people with perfect sight, color is deceptive. Although a child paints things in stark solid colors (a red car, a yellow house), an art student soon learns that shadows and reflections break every surface into dozens of different shades. The apparent color of any object depends partly on the colors of its surroundings and on the colors the eye has seen a moment earlier. For instance, a patch of noon sunlight looks blue when surrounded by yellow, and pink when placed on a field of green.

In daylight, red and yellow seem brightest, but in dusk, blue and green look brighter. Last year a Japanese researcher found that an object looked larger than its real size when it was painted orange, yellow, or white; and smaller when painted blue or black, confirming the wisdom of fashion advisers who tell fat women to wear dark dresses.

Unlike color blindness, crossed eyes, if caught early, can usually be cured with corrective lenses, visual training, and sometimes surgery. Since a child who squints is unable to fuse his two eye images, he involuntarily suppresses the weaker eye to avoid seeing double. If this happens during the years when his sight is still developing, up to the age of six or seven, the unused eye and its corresponding brain areas will never learn to see.

Although total blindness is comparatively rare, we all suffer some loss of sight as we grow older. After 30, our pupils shrink, reducing our ability to see in dim light, and the lens and its controlling muscles become less elastic. By 50, the lens has lost about 90% of its power of accommodation, and we find ourselves unable to focus on fine detail at less than arm's length without glasses. At the same time, the retina and optic nerve begin to degenerate, the cornea becomes less transparent, and the iris fades.

In children, eye care can preserve

and improve sight. To develop a child's sight to its fullest you should encourage him to use his eyes in every possible way. Reading, watching television, educational toys, and fast-moving outdoor games all help as long as his eyes get plenty of light and variety and are not restricted to one kind of use. When he spreads the comic page on the floor and sprawls with his nose a few inches from the paper, he may only be showing that the lens of his eye is in fine shape.

Early tests for distance, depth, and muscular co-ordination will pick up defects that should be corrected right away, to help him adjust to school work and social life as well as to protect his eyes. Psychologists say that a child who can't see properly soon loses interest in his work and feels inferior because he can't keep up with his classmates. A cross-eyed child may soon become self-conscious about his appearance.

Sight is vital because in our civilization practically all our actions are controlled by our eyes. We use them for everything from watching television to driving, and for ceaselessly learning more and more about ourselves and the rest of the world.

And because everyone looks through his own private window, depending on the workings of his mind, our eyes make each of us a little different from anyone else.

Nostalgia: wishful remembering. Harold Coffin.



Two Indonesian priests pay their first visit to the Vatican.

A DAY AT ST

For great festivals and celebrations, enormous multitudes gather at the piazza extending in front of St. Peter's basilica to see the Holy Father and receive his blessing. But even on any ordinary day, pilgrims and tourists by the thousands, moved by fervent faith or simple curiosity, arrive from all corners of the world and pass through this most famous and beautiful of squares to enter the most famous and beautiful of churches.



Two gendarmes walk their beat across the square. The façade of the basilica was added by Maderna after the death of Michelangelo, who became chief architect of the church in 1546. The balcony over the central entrance is where the Holy Father appears when he gives his blessing.

PETER'S SQUARE

Three Dutch priests gaze with admiration at the 162 colossal statues which surmount the colonnade.

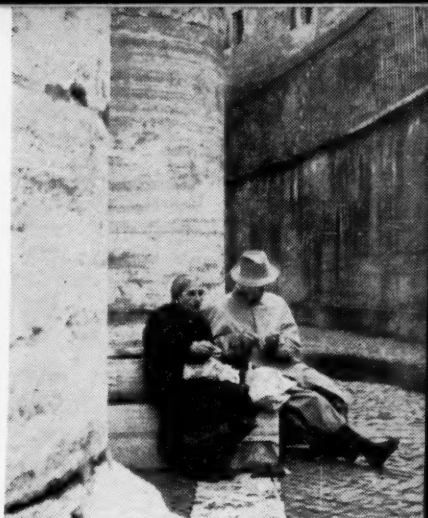


Photographs
By W. R. Vecchio



This little lady promenades with her doll through the imposing colonnade built by Bernini in the seventeenth century.

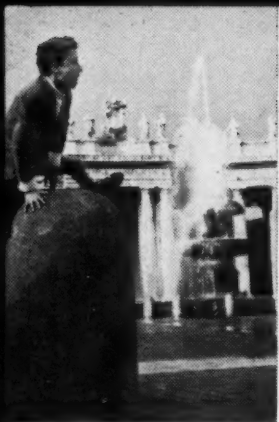
A French pilgrim writes down impressions for a letter home.



An elderly couple rest and have their lunch after visiting the largest church in the world.

Happy newlyweds pause for a picture.





Boys will be boys, and Pietro frolics unconcernedly, not in the least awed by the majestic setting.



This German family will relive their visit every time they look over their snapshots.



A friar explains to a young pilgrim that the basilica stands on the site of Nero's Circus, where St. Peter was crucified.



A Swiss Guard, wearing the colorful uniform that has not been modified since the sixteenth century, gives directions to a young couple.



Somebody always knows the answers to newcomers' questions.



Top right: Pilgrims of today may arrive at St. Peter's comfortably by bus. Few make the journey on foot or horseback as in ancient times.



Center right: Visitors from Canada smile as they approach the entrance.

Bottom right: Roman schoolboys refresh themselves at one of the famous fountains in the square.



*Two gendarmes
chat with a pretty
tourist, while a less
glamorous city
policeman listens.*



*Below: "Alpina"
(Italy's Alpine
troops) spend their
furlough visiting
St. Peter's.*





A group of American women and an Italian sailor relax for a moment.



Special stamps can be bought and cancelled at the Vatican City post office. The profit from the sales helps to pay the expenses of the tiny state.

By Thomas Collins
Condensed from "The Golden Years"



How to Make Money After You Retire

Leisuretime jobs offer freedom from want, worry, and boredom

ALMOST ALL American men and women, if in reasonably good health, can make money after they retire. Here are the five best ways to do it, based on the experiences of retired people all over the country.

1. Get a sales or service job with a firm that deals with the organization you have been working for, or with a firm that is an extension of your own type of work. You have worked in a department store; get a job with a shoe manufacturer or fabric mill as a sales expert. You have been a schoolteacher; sell desks or textbooks, or act as consultant to manufacturers of such things. You have worked in a business office; service office machines. You have been a railroad employee; get a shipping job at a factory.

2. Figure out a special job you

can do for your own organization after you retire. This is quite a trick. It may involve a newly created title. It may require that you never show your face on the premises again. But people are working out such arrangements every day.

3. Start a business of your own.

4. Get a job with one of the trade associations or professional organizations concerned with your business or profession. Next to committees, Americans love organizations best. Such organizations need letter writers and convention planners. Who is more appropriate than you, who speak the language? Your company can probably help you make such a connection, because most firms like to have a friend at trade-association headquarters.

5. Pick up the hobby you have been playing with for the last few years, and stop playing.

People who have gone into these retirement jobs have found three rules to follow. 1. Prepare to make

*© 1956 by Thomas Collins, and reprinted with permission of the John Day Co., Inc., 62 W. 45th St., New York City 36. 251 pp. \$3.75.

less money. 2. Consider your pride, and lower it. 3. Do what you are going to do before you retire, not after.

And do these two things. 1. Get a job with a future to it. You can sell your career only once, and that is usually at the time you retire. If you try one job and it fizzles out in a few years, you will look warmed over. The same will be true if you decide to take it easy for an interval and then go to work. Men or women at retirement age need a job that will see them through. 2. If possible, get a job that is free from the rules of a regular work week.

You will not want to go to work at the rush hour in the morning and fight to get home at 5 P.M. In your 60's, you deserve better. You deserve also to take a few days off in spring, for no good reason, if you like, and you are entitled to decide every once in a while that you just do not feel like going to work today. Such provisions as these can often be worked into the negotiations for a retirement job. But you must have it understood in the beginning.

Steve Smith operated the freight elevator in a small New Jersey department store. The store used a delivery service. Day after day, Smith watched it. The operation was not efficient. Different trucks and different drivers were always coming around, and Smith noticed that the store's packages were some-

times crowded behind crates destined for somebody else.

He learned from the drivers that the store was paying the trucking firm for what averaged out to be ten truck-days a week, or two trucks a day. Smith knew that one truck a day, if operated efficiently, would do the job. He went to the general manager of the store and laid his figures on his desk. He got the trucking contract, to be effective the day he retired.

His plan was to trade his car for a pickup truck, then lease the truck nights for deliveries to restaurants and stores. From this rental and his contract he had the promise of enough income to get into the trucking business himself. When he grew too old to drive he would bring his son in to take over.

Lester Barnes was a pharmacist. In his chain-store company, employees retired at 65, though there was no absolute policy to that effect. Barnes' eyes began to fail in his early 60's, and his boss gently suggested that perhaps he should take his pension and go. He did not have much choice. But he refused to believe he was through.

He was familiar, as a pharmacist would be, with the suppliers of patent medicines. He selected a firm that had a variety of competitive products on the market: a salve for sunburn, a headache cure, and bunion and cold remedies. Then he casually called on 15 drugstores in the city, posing as a customer.

What, he asked, would the druggist recommend for his headache, corns, cold, his grandson's sunburn? He carefully noted what each druggist said, and as soon as he was out of the store he wrote down name of store and products recommended.

When he had finished, he had a comprehensive survey on what drug-stores were and were not doing to push the products of his chosen supplier. He made a typewritten analysis of his findings, and took it to the supplier's vice president. The vice president wondered if Barnes might like to do more research along this line. Barnes thought maybe he would. Not as a regular job, though. How about as a consultant? And so it was.

People of retirement age have the most valuable knowledge in America about people and business. So do not sell yourself too cheaply. You may have to in the end; but stand firm as long as you can.

Good jobs are often easier to get than sorry ones, particularly by retired people. Their 40 years or so of experience with a particular business or profession have given them priceless qualifications to be an adviser or consultant to any company that deals with that business or profession. But those years are no qualification for digging ditches.

Study your working career; study all phases of American life that have touched on it. A retired postal

worker became company mailman for a large grocery concern; another went to work in the air-mail division of an airline. A retired accountant found a good job with a credit association. A bookkeeper in the employee-welfare department of a large corporation went with the firm that sold the company its group insurance. A retired industrial nurse obtained a job with a concern manufacturing adhesive tape and bandages. A woman who had been behind a cosmetics counter for 18 years became a traveling sales representative for a cosmetics house.

Carl McKeever was not going to work for anybody, ever again, when his pension arrived. And he had an idea. Every month in his Eastern city every family had to pay bills (and address envelopes) to three utilities: the gas, electric, and phone companies. All his working years this chore had been a nuisance to Carl. He figured it must be that to everybody else.

After retirement, he set up in his basement a secondhand, foot-operated printing press. He began printing plain white envelopes with the addresses of the three utilities. Then he assembled them into neat packages of 36, or 12 to each utility. This was a year's supply for a family. As a final touch he added postage stamps. He figured his costs and his time, added a profit, added a few cents more for the idea. Then he went out selling the packages door-to-door.

"I'm doing better than a lot of men with jobs," he says. "In fact, what I make depends pretty much on how much I want to work. Already some of the women's groups around town want to take blocks of my envelopes and sell them on percentage to raise money for their charities. And I'm looking forward to what happens next year. I'll bet I've got the best sure-fire repeat business you ever saw."

Miss R.W.B. was a schoolteacher. She retired at 60, and settled down in the old homestead to take care of her aged mother. Only the two of them were left of what had once been a flourishing family. Then the mother died. Miss R.W.B. took care of things as the family would have willed it, then went sadly back to carry on in the big and lonely house.

She might eventually have died there. But a few old friends began asking why she must sentence herself to such a dreary existence. The pastor of her church mentioned once that he did not think it was a good idea for her to live there alone. Miss R.W.B. decided that perhaps she had better give up. There would be enough money for some traveling, and when that was over she could find quarters in a quiet hotel in Florida.

She had a real-estate agent put the house up for sale. Then she looked around for ways to dispose of the old furnishings in the 12-room house. She called in a second-

hand-furniture man to make an appraisal. Never in her life had she been so outraged. These furnishings had been beloved treasures to her mother. They had been in the family since her mother was a bride.

The secondhand man announced casually that he would give her \$300 for the lot. He explained that \$300 was all the furnishings were worth to him. Maybe what she wanted was an antique dealer.

The antique dealer, an old acquaintance of the family, could not afford to pay what he should for the four-poster beds and the cherry dressers and still make a profit. He suggested to Miss R.W.B. that she might own some extremely valuable antiques. Perhaps she should go down to the library and get some information on them.

Miss R.W.B. did. And she discovered a new world. Old things had history. Antiques, to which she had never given a moment's thought, became fascinating. The deeper she delved into the subject, tracing back to England many of the things her mother had owned, the more enthusiastic she became. She came to know the amateurs and professionals in the antique business. Miss R.W.B., over the months that followed, grew young again. Today, she is one of the outstanding antique dealers in the South.

Most people who retire are still saying that they plan to go fishing or gardening. Many of them are

speaking only figuratively. But fishing and gardening offer some profitable occupations that can be followed after 65.

The men or women who like to fish can find jobs in vacation lodges and fishing resorts. They can rent or sell boats, bait, or fishing equipment. One man and his wife built four simple fishing cabins in Wisconsin, three of which they rent out every summer while they occupy the fourth.

As for gardening, most of the

profitable occupations that stem from it involve selling. Those who are expert gardeners might find positions in nurseries and in flower shops, or might write and speak on the subject for pay.

Don't be afraid to be an expert. "An expert," says one retired man who is successfully serving as one, "is a person with a confident look on his face, who has enough brass to step forth and calmly announce: 'I am an authority on this.' It's amazing how well it works."

SHAGGY DOGS

Sir Donic had been entrusted with an important message from his king to a neighboring monarch. On the journey, a frightful storm blew up, and Sir Donic's faithful horse became exhausted. Man and horse were forced to seek refuge at a humble cottage. After a good supper the knight explained his predicament to his host.

"As you see, my poor beast is winded," said Sir Donic. "Yet I must press on, and deliver my message. Perhaps you could lend me your horse."

"Alas, that would I gladly do," replied the fellow, "but I have no horse, being only a humble peasant."

Sir Donic was crestfallen. At that moment, a huge, shaggy dog came into the room. "I could ride that beast," cried the knight.

"Ah, sir," protested the peasant, "you must know well enough that I could never send a knight out on a dog like this."

A. E. Downey.

A doting dog owner enrolled her poodle in a training school for dogs. When the dog came home to lunch after the first morning session, the fond owner asked, "And what did you learn today, Cuthbert? Geography?"

The dog merely shook his head.

"Arithmetic?"

Again the dog shook his head.

"Perhaps you studied a foreign language?"

The pooch arched his back, and answered proudly, "Meow!"

Wall St. Journal (15 March '57).

Eyes in the Skies

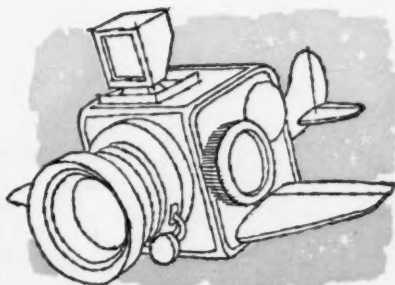
*International use of the
aerial camera would
help preserve peace*

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER has proposed the revolutionary "open-skies" policy as a possible step toward world peace. The plan would allow us to photograph Russia from the air and permit the Soviets to do the same to our country. Thus far, the Russians have neither accepted nor absolutely rejected the proposal.

But what about the practical aspects of the plan? Would our photographs reveal preparations for a sneak attack? Or could the Russians hide their military moves from our airborne cameras?

There isn't much the U.S. Air Force can't detect about your neighborhood by flying over it at 30,000 ft. Though you won't see or hear them, our seeing-eye planes can tell such things as how tall you are, the exact dimensions of your house, the kind of utilities you own—even whether your lawn needs mowing.

More important, they can photograph a factory and figure its size within a foot, the nature of its output, and just about how many



workers it has. "Next to having direct access on foot to an installation, an aerial photograph will give us the best intelligence possible concerning it," says Brig. Gen. Stephen B. Mack, commander of the 363rd Tactical Reconnaissance Wing.

Come war, lens-power could be almost as important as firepower. It might even prevent war if President Eisenhower's open-skies plan is adopted. Said Gen. Walter von Fritz, chief of the German general staff, in 1936, "The nation with the best reconnaissance will win the next war." Unhappily for him, he was right. During the 2nd World War, 70% to 90% of Allied intelligence about the enemy came from aerial reconnaissance. The results in Korea were equally dramatic.

At Shaw Air Force base, near

Sumter, S. C., great feats of aerial detection are performed by teams of skilled men. Heading the teams are the reconnaissance or "recci" (pronounced "recky") pilots. "The recci pilot is unique among airmen," says Lt. Col. Dudley Adkins, reconnaissance chief of the 9th Air Force. "He must have an abnormal amount of curiosity. In the 2nd World War we found, thanks to such curiosity, hidden enemy concentrations, concealed headquarters, secret military positions, and even underground factories."

One pilot noticed two men peddling bicycles in the middle of a bombing raid. He concluded correctly that they weren't out for exercise, but must be carrying messages from a near-by secret message center. Another high-flying candid cameraman spotted a railroad siding alongside a schoolhouse, and took several close-ups. As he suspected, the schoolhouse was a camouflaged factory. Still another got curious over tracks that led into a mountain but didn't come out the other side. It was easily identified as an underground installation.

Aerial photographers can get good pictures flying level at 40,000 feet. But sometimes they must swoop down low—risky work for unarmed aircraft. Such operations are called "dicing missions," because pilots used to toss dice to see who would get them.

The other key figure in the reconnaissance team is the unsung,

desk-bound photo interpreter, or PI, the man who makes the pictures "talk." His chief tool is the stereoscope, which magnifies a photograph four times and shows it in three dimensions.

One such picture wizard was handed an aerial view which would have been meaningless to most people. To the untrained eye it seemed to show merely roads and long, narrow buildings. The only clues the interpreter had were the exact time and general location at which the picture was taken. Yet he came up with a two-page report, amazingly detailed, which accurately told the important industrial story hidden in the photograph.

Unlocking the information in another aerial photograph, the PI correctly identified a big electric-power plant. His incredibly exact report included such facts as the thickness of walls and number of turbines, generators, and transformers on the premises. He counted 36 freight cars on a siding and was able to say that all but four were loaded with coal.

To solve a picture riddle, the interpreter starts with a known object. A telephone pole might be a starting point, because he knows its height in a given country. Or he might work from a freight car or a popular-model automobile, the size of which he knows.

There are other factors. "In our work, shadows are vitally important," one veteran PI explains.

"Since we know the exact time each picture is taken and the approximate location, plus the exact position of the subject in relation to that spot, we can put these factors together and figure from the shadows most of the dimensions of a building and even the height of a man photographed from six miles up."

The Air Force has computed the exact position of the sun in every part of the world for every minute of every day of the year. Each picture is stamped with the time it was taken and the general location. A PI studying a photo taken at 2:03 P.M. over Detroit could consult the table for the sun's position at that time before he started measuring shadows.

The photo interpreter is usually young and is often a sergeant. He is among the most highly skilled of all military personnel. He must have a working knowledge of mathematics, transportation, and industrial and military targets. He must know something about chemistry and metallurgy. He must be able to identify airfields, seaplane bases, radar sites, fuel-storage dumps. Of course, the PI's have vast technical libraries at their disposal, but their general knowledge must tell them at a glance whether a picture is worth a detailed examination.

One man who correctly identified an aluminum plant got off on the right track at once. He suspect-

ed that it might be an aluminum plant because he knew that long, narrow buildings are the type in which the metal is produced. The electric-power lines he saw in the picture were another vital clue.

Atomic installations are dead giveaways. Radiation cannot be concealed effectively from photograph plates. The PI's also can spot new activity in airfields. They can tell from new construction whether it is to be an airport or a missile-launching site. They can keep constant track of ship and troop movements. Given a chance, they can see enough to remove the threat of a surprise attack.

Each jet photo plane carries about \$100,000 worth of photographic equipment. The expensive cameras are fitted with an image-motion compensation device which automatically eliminates blurring, even when the plane is moving at nearly the speed of sound.

One plane may have as many as six huge cameras operating at one time: forward, to the side, and downward. The cameras take a continuing strip of overlapping pictures. Even during dark or bad weather, reconnaissance can be carried on by radar. A special camera has been devised to record images as they show up on the radarscope.

The film processors can keep up with the picture takers. The latest machines develop thousands of pictures a day. One model can finish 8,000 in eight hours.

Today, recci pilots fly frequent peacetime missions for other government agencies. They photograph forest fires for the Interior department to determine damage to public lands. They once photographed all South Carolina's lakes and counted the number of fishermen to help local authorities determine how much fish to stock.

If Russia ever permits our photo planes to fly over her territory, what would be accomplished? Here is the answer as given by an Air Force spokesman. "We would get an immense amount of knowledge of their industrial and military power. The very presence of our recci pilots would greatly reduce the possibility of a sneak military attack.

"Of course, Soviet planes would gather a lot of information about our military and industrial strength. But because of our free press and the right of unrestricted travel here, the Russians already know pretty accurately most of the facts about our industrial and military capacity. Anyone can hire a plane and fly over our country with a camera. Soviet agents probably have already done this."

Assuming that the open-skies

plan is accepted, the U.S. Air Force likely would do three things. First, the pilots over Russia would take pictures of large areas covering perhaps 100 square miles each. Next, the PI's would study the pictures for anything interesting, unexpected or suspicious. If they spotted anything unusual, Washington would request permission for a closer look.

To measure production at a given point, the Air Force would like to take a series of pictures over a period of weeks. This would give an accurate idea of the raw materials coming into a plant and would tip off defense officials whether Russia was living up to disarmament promises.

"If the Russians allow us to come in and have a look at them, they know we will get just about everything," says the 363rd's commander, General Mack.

Looking to the future, the Air Force sees even more fantastic developments in sky inspection. X-ray photography from the air is reported on the way. Planes soon may be equipped with television cameras. No wonder the President considers the open-skies plan a major step to world disarmament.

An attorney, in a rush to get to court, parked his car in the yellow space in front of City Hall. Under the windshield wiper he placed a note: "Att'y—am inside attending to business." He returned to find that a footnote had been added: "Policeman—I attended to mine outside." A parking ticket was tied to the door.

The Marianist (April '57).

What Would You Like to Know About the Church?

Non-Catholics are invited to submit questions about the Church. Write us, and we will have your question answered. If yours is the one selected to be answered publicly in The Catholic Digest, you will receive a lifelong subscription to this magazine. Write to The Catholic Digest, 2959 N. Hamline Ave., St. Paul 13, Minn.

THE LETTER

To the Editor: The cover picture of the December issue of THE CATHOLIC DIGEST (of a young lady praying the Rosary in church) is quite impressive. It has led me to want to ask you a question. What is the meaning of the Rosary, and what is "the story behind the story"? How long have rosary beads been in use?

Katherine Chak.

THE ANSWER

By J. D. CONWAY

That's a nice, simple question, Katherine. I wish I could answer it as plainly as you ask it. But the Rosary's history cannot be told simply; it is complex and diffuse. The Rosary is a prayer of many parts, and each part has its separate history of gradual development through many centuries, in various countries. And much of this history has not

been neatly written; it is a story of the common people and their growing customs of popular devotion. We have to sift it from legend, and sometimes we must even keep the legend and assay it.

The Church did not invent the Rosary and impose it on her people; pious men and women found it bead by bead and came to love it. Then the Church saw that it was good and blessed it.

In studying the long centuries of the Rosary's growth we can learn much about prayer, man's age-old, humble effort to communicate with God. You must know the meaning of prayer and believe in it to understand the Rosary. It repels those who do not understand it, but fascinates those who do. By its own appeal it has become the popular prayer of millions, for both public and private use, and centuries of growing acceptance show that it is effective.

In his efforts at prayer man has sought to use all his human faculties: intellect and will, imagination, speech, and gesture. The Church has always approved this diversity of prayerful expression, because she teaches that man is made of body and soul and is most fully man when he uses both in unison and harmony. God created man's body

as well as his soul. Why then should man try to worship his Creator with his soul alone, like an angel?

The proud and sophisticated have a tendency to discount the role of man's body, even his lips and vocal cords, in his worship of God. They consider genuflections, along with tribal dances and primitive prostrations, to be the superstitious gestures of simple people who are emotional and immature. And vocal prayer is, for them, hardly more elevated than physical contortions, especially if it is the reading or reciting of formulated prayers, or has any element of repetition in it. The only devotion to which such haughty souls attribute value is mental prayer or meditation; after all, it does exercise the mind and may produce new ideas, deeper understanding, and dynamic inspiration. If you pin the sophisticates down you will find that they don't really believe in prayer as a means of communication; they don't honestly think that they are getting through to God, or that He is interested enough to listen.

In the history of the Rosary, the voice, the body, and the mind all had a part. The favorite vocal prayer of the Church has always been the Psalms of David, all 150 of them. They have been variously read, recited, and sung down through the centuries, especially in the monasteries, constant centers of intensive prayer.

Uneducated lay Brothers in those monasteries, and the common laymen outside, did not know the Psalms by heart. They could not read and they did not understand the Latin in which the Psalms were said. So they sought substitutes, and easiest to find was the Lord's Prayer (Matt. 6, 9-13) which was called the Pater Noster, from its first two words in Latin.

The monks frequently recited the Psalms, or sang them, as a penance or a prayer for a deceased person. Sometimes they said the entire psalter of 150; very often they said a third of it, or 50 psalms. From this common custom each third part of the psalter came to be called a *quingena*, from the Latin word *quingenta*, meaning fifty. To say a *quingena* for a penance or to promise a *quingena* for a special intention was routine.

The laymen followed this same custom with their "psalter" of Pater Nosters. Sometimes they would say 150 of them; often only 50 at a time. And then they naturally started looking for ways of keeping count. Probably they used their fingers at first, or pebbles, or pegs. But we find historical evidence that as early as the 12th century people used a cord or string, possibly with knots tied in it; and soon beads were strung on it to replace the knots.

Since these strands were used for counting Pater Nosters, they came to be called paternosters; and the

artisans who made them were called paternosterers. Apparently the manufacture of paternosters became quite an industry in the Middle Ages. In the heart of the old city of London there is a little street called Paternoster Row; before the blitz of the 2nd World War it was a publication center. In medieval times it had received its name from its trade; it was the quarter for the Guild of Paternosterers, the members of which made prayer beads and probably other articles of devotion.

The word *bead* comes from an old English word, *bede*, which meant a prayer. The strings of little stones used to count *bedes* came, like the paternosters, to be called the same name as the prayers they numbered.

Back in the Middle Ages, physical forms of prayer had their part in the development of the Rosary. Genuflections, prostrations, bows, and other gestures were repeated in number and often combined with Psalms, Pater Nosters, or other prayers. And these, too, were counted carefully.

At least by the 11th or 12th century the greeting of the angel Gabriel to the Virgin Mary was in popular use: "Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou among women" (Luke, 1, 28). It was used as a fond greeting, which, like all expressions of sincere love, remain fresh and new through multiple repetitions. Then

gradually there was joined to it the greeting of Elizabeth to Mary: "Blessed art thou among women and blessed is the fruit of thy womb" (Luke, 1, 42). They fitted naturally together by an overlapping of the words they had in common. And the idea was intensified that if we greet Mary she will greet us back; and look what happened to Elizabeth when the Mother of Jesus greeted her!

These greetings, Aves, or Hail Marys, as they were called, came to be said in definite numbers, often 50 or 150, just like the Pater Nosters or the Psalms. In this way there developed a "Psalter of Our Lady."

If we jump a few centuries in our history we find a "mystery" attached to each Hail Mary. By that time the name of Jesus had been added at the end of the greeting, and the mysteries, recalling events of our Lord's life, were joined directly to his name, something like this: "Hail, Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou among women; and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus Christ, whom thou, O Virgin, didst conceive of the Holy Ghost." Other examples: "Who didst die on the cross for us," or "Who will come to judge the living and the dead." And thus through 150 mysteries. This was the "Psalter of Our Lady" about the 15th century.

In our brief story of the development of the Rosary we have not woven into the picture all the



A rosary is a circle, or chaplet, of 55 beads, with five additional beads and a crucifix depending from it. The beads of the chaplet are arranged in decades, or tens, the decades being separated by single, usually larger, beads.

The beads are used in saying a third of the Rosary, which is a prayer of meditation on the chief events in the lives of our Lord and his Mother. The complete Rosary consists of 15 decades of Hail Marys, each decade prefaced by an Our Father and ending with a Glory be to the Father, during the recitation of which are contemplated the events, or "mysteries," in the lives of Jesus and Mary.

Preceding the praying of the sequences on the chaplet, the

Apostles' Creed, an Our Father, three Hail Marys, and the first introductory Our Father are said, respectively, on the crucifix, a large bead, three small beads, and another large bead on the pendant.

The prayers are indicated by number on the accompanying rosary illustration, and are as follows: 1. Apostles' Creed; 2. Our Father; 3. three Hail Marys; 4. announce 1st mystery; 5. Our Father; 6. ten Hail Marys, with meditation on mystery announced; 7. Gloria; 8. announce 2nd mystery and repeat as in 5, 6, 7. Continue in like manner until the five mysteries are said.

The mysteries, or events, contemplated during the saying of each decade are designated as Joyful, Sorrowful, and Glorious. The mysteries follow.

Joyful

1. The Annunciation. 2. The Visitation. 3. The Birth of Christ. 4. The Presentation of Jesus in the Temple. 5. The Finding of Jesus in the Temple.

Sorrowful

1. The Agony of Jesus. 2. The Scourging. 3. The Crowning With Thorns. 4. Carrying of the Cross. 5. The Crucifixion.

Glorious

1. The Resurrection. 2. The Ascension of Our Lord. 3. The Descent of the Holy Ghost. 4. The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin into Heaven. 5. The Crowning of Mary in Heaven.

strands of its growth. In the development of these 150 mysteries there were two other medieval "psalters" which had great influence. As the monks chanted the Psalms of David they noted that many of the ancient words applied to our Lord either in a prophetic or an adapted sense. So poets went on from there, using words of each Psalm to develop quatrains or stanzas pertaining directly to our Lord and commemorating mysteries of his life. These came to be known as "Psalms of Our Lord Jesus Christ." Later on, similar Psalm adaptations were made to apply to Mary: "The Psalm of Our Lady." Since these consisted of 150 stanzas they readily supplied material for 150 mysteries.

In those days when a different mystery was added to each Hail Mary it was necessary to read the Rosary, since memory could hardly keep 150 mysteries in order. This type of Rosary, Our Dear Lady's Psalm, might never have become popular except that the printing press then came into use. Sometimes pictures were added to focus the mind on the mystery. Each meditation was brief, a flashing scene, a rapid recall.

This inclusion of mysteries, to be contemplated while the vocal prayers were repeated, marked a great change in the Rosary's growth. Repetition was relieved of monotony. The beads and the words became an accompaniment to mental prayer, an aid to concentration, some-

thing for us to do while we think. The man who fingers his beads now resembles the little old lady who sits in her rocking chair thinking peacefully while her knitting needles work rapidly, or the busy executive who doodles idly to aid his concentration.

Gradually the number of mysteries came to be modified. First, 15 Our Father mysteries were added to the 150 Hail Mary mysteries, and then gradually replaced them. There is evidence that these 15 mysteries, the same ones that we use today, were used in Spain by 1488, when a woodcut was made of them. In 1490 an altar was erected in a Dominican church in Frankfurt which portrayed these 15 mysteries. A Spanish Dominican, Alberto da Castello, gets most credit for popularizing these 15 Our Father mysteries. In 1521, a year made famous by Martin Luther, he published a book entitled *The Rosary of the Glorious Virgin Mary*. His combination of the 15 mysteries and the 150 Hail Marys so that they fit together neatly is extremely interesting. In 1569 a Bull of Pope Pius V mentioned meditation on mysteries as essential to gaining the Rosary indulgences.

It was not until the middle of the 16th century that the Hail Mary was completed, as said now. To the confident greeting of Mary there was spontaneously joined a humble petition: "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and

at the hour of our death." Prayers in the same spirit had been known and used for centuries; now they took a definite, widely accepted form, and were joined to the Hail Mary. In many places the Hail Mary mysteries were still said or read after the Holy Mary was added; but gradually they were discontinued, only the Our Father mysteries remaining as subject for meditation throughout each following decade of Hail Marys.

The great benefit of the Holy Mary was that it permitted the Rosary to be recited by groups in alternation. It had often been used in public prayer before, but now everyone could take a more spontaneous and active part in it.

The Doxology, "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost," is a very ancient prayer in the Church, dating from the 3rd or 4th century, but it is never found in the Rosary before 1500, and then only in isolated instances. It was probably 200 years later before it was in general use; even in the 19th century the Rosary was sometimes said without it.

Certain definite dates are important in the history of the Rosary. In 1470 a Dominican of Brittany, Alain de la Roche, founded the Confraternity of the Psalter of Jesus and Mary, which did much to spread the Rosary devotion as it was then known. On Oct. 7, 1571, Don John of Austria commanded the fleet of the Christian League in

a resounding victory over the Turks in the Battle of Lepanto; and credit was given to the devout praying of the Rosary throughout Christian countries. Two years later, in 1573, the Feast of the Holy Rosary was established by Pope Gregory XIII. In 1716 the widespread praying of the Rosary was given credit for another important victory over the Turks, by Prince Eugene, in Hungary, in stemming their advance into Europe. After that, Pope Clement XI extended the Feast of the Holy Rosary to the entire world; before, it had been observed only where there were confraternities.

Modern Popes, beginning with Leo XIII, have done much to spread the devotion of the Rosary. And our Blessed Lady, herself, in her two greatest apparitions of the past century, Lourdes in 1858 and Fatima in 1917, gave the force of her own encouragement to this popular prayer.

Now you can see, Katherine, that the Rosary is the prayer of the people; they developed it, they love it, and they use it. It serves the peaceful recollection of private devotion and the united worship of public prayer. Its heart and spirit consists in meditation on the profound mysteries of our faith, and the life and love of our Lord Jesus Christ; but at the same time it gives the complete man, body and soul, opportunity to worship his Creator, by honoring the creature He chose to be his Mother.

By Vin Scully
Condensed from "Sport"

The Brooklyn Dodgers in Japan

*Gil Hodges' clowning made a lot of friends
for America in that baseball-mad country*

THE DAY AFTER we lost the World Series, 62 of us in the Brooklyn Dodger party boarded a Pan American DC7C, destination Tokyo. The stewardess welcomed us aboard: "If there is anything we can do to make your flight more pleasant, please let us know. By the way, my name is Miss Larsen." The Dodgers groaned. Not another Larsen! Yankee Don Larsen's perfect game—in which no Dodger reached first base—was a subject none of us had been allowed to forget in the three days since it had happened. "Well," one player philosophized, "we ought to have a perfect flight, anyway."

And it was, though Tokyo was thick with rain and mist when we came in. But just the same, it was a sight I won't soon forget. Thousands of people had jammed the airport waiting for us.

After that there was a parade through Tokyo. Hundreds of thousands of people lined the sidewalks, despite the bad weather, to catch a glimpse of the famous Dodgers. Even halfway around the world,



the Dodgers couldn't shake off the daffiness which clings to everything they do. Somehow, five of their cars wandered out of the parade and got lost.

There was more in store for the Dodgers when they took the field before 40,000 fans the next day. They promptly got beaten by the underdog Japanese, 5-4.

The Dodgers lost four of the 19 games they played in Japan and tied another, and I know there was a lot of headshaking back in the U. S. First, let me say this: the

*Vin Scully is the radio and television
"voice" of the Brooklyn Dodgers.*

*205 E. 42nd St., New York City 17. April, 1957. © 1957 by Macfadden Publications, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

Dodgers tried hard. But the Japanese players were good. We went over there with the typical American misconceptions. We expected the local teams to be stocked with little, yellow men wearing thick glasses. When the Japanese first walked onto the field in Tokyo, I heard one of our players yell, "Hey, fellas, we've been mousetrapped!" One of the first players out of the dugout was a pitcher who was six feet four. Their players averaged five feet ten or so, and they were all built like athletes.

Another misconception we had was that our big pitchers would be able to blow them down with fast balls. We were dead wrong. They murdered fast-ball pitching. Our guys would rear back and fire one, and invariably the ball would come back even harder than it was thrown. They hit bullets.

Then, too, the Dodgers looked on the trip as a holiday. But the Japanese looked on it as a crusade, and they played to win. They were absolutely fearless at the plate. If one of our pitchers sent a fast ball inside, the player wouldn't back off; he would let the ball pass within a fraction of an inch of his head, and then dig right back in.

Although the Japanese played hard, they did not play "gashouse" baseball. Our players were amazed at how gentlemanly their conduct was on the base paths. On several occasions when there was a play at the plate and the local runner knew

the ball had him beaten, he would come in standing up and submit docilely to the tag.

Meanwhile, our players were plowing into them at 2nd base and breaking up double plays by splattering the shortstops against the center-field bleacher walls. After a while, the Japanese began to get the idea. In one of our last games in Tokyo, there was a play at the plate. The runner came into Roy Campanella like a running guard clearing the way for a power play. Campy went head over heels, the ball flew off in the opposite direction, and the Japanese had an unexpected run. I think we helped change the style of Japanese base running.

Perhaps the most lasting impression the Dodgers left on the Japanese people, however, was the tremendous comic performance of Gil Hodges. He made countless friends for the Dodgers and for America in Japan.

It started while we were touring northern Japan. Hodges, playing left field, turned to the fans and asked them, in pantomime, where he should play the hitter. The fans gave him about six different suggestions, and Gil began wandering around frantically, trying to follow each of them. He imitated the pitcher and the catcher. He would stagger rubber-legged under fly balls and catch them with a last-minute lunge. Whenever Hodges left the game, the crowd cheered so loud

and long that he had to return for a curtain call, tipping his cap and bowing from the waist. We thought the crowd would never stop cheering.

I think I can pinpoint the one occasion on which Gil made his greatest contribution to the Dodgers' tour of Japan. One of our players was called out on strikes and, in a childish display of petulance, dropped his bat on the plate, took off his helmet, and hurled it to the ground with such force that it bounced up on top of the Dodger dugout. The crowd was shocked. The Japanese had never seen an umpire held up to such humiliation, and it was an embarrassing moment for us in the Brooklyn party. But Gil saved the day. While the crowd sat in stunned silence, Gil jumped up on the dugout roof and approached the helmet as if it were a dangerous snake. He circled it warily, made a couple of tentative stabs at it, then quickly pounced on it, tossed it back on the field, and then did a swan dive off the top of the dugout. The fans shouted until they were hoarse.

Whenever we left Tokyo's Korakuen stadium, crowds of Japanese lining the sidewalks would say "*sayonara*," which means "good-by." Once, we bowed to a young boy and said, "*sayonara*," ourselves. The boy grinned, and said, "See you later, alligator."

Baseball is the national sport of Japan to an extent which it could

never be in America. Here we have football, basketball, golf, and other sports which compete with it, but nothing competes with baseball in Japan. Even the college games draw 35,000 to 40,000 fans. All the big games, both professional and college, are televised.

The stadiums are much like ours, except that there is no grass on the infield. The players have the finest equipment, most of which is made in Japan, but we noticed that most of their gloves and bats bear the simulated autographs of American players.

I think there will be an even closer link between our game and the Japanese version after this tour by the Dodgers. We could see changes even while we were there. The strategy of the Japanese managers was atrocious during the early games; they would sacrifice or try to steal when they were ten runs behind. There was a noticeable improvement as time went on.

Even the fans changed. When we first arrived, the spectators tossed back onto the field every foul hit into the stands. Then, when they saw the Americans keeping the balls, they began to pocket them, too.

There are still many differences. When a new pitcher was called in, he would run all the way from the bull pen to the mound, a Japanese eccentricity which would be welcomed here by those who believe our game should be speeded up.

Another time-saving device of Japanese pitchers is their remarkable control. They walk very few batters.

Our players were interested in the workings of the Japanese mind. If, for instance, one of our sluggers teed off on a pitch and blasted a tremendous home run, the pitcher would watch the ball disappear over the fence and then turn to the crowd, shrug, and break into a grin. He seemed to be saying, "Well, I did my best, but how can you stop a big muscle-bound guy like that?" On the other hand, if a player made an error, he would often take himself out of the game. It was not

that he was a "quitter," but just that he felt, "If I can't pick up a simple grounder like that, I'm hurting my team's chances. I'll let somebody else have a try at it."

I guess we changed the Japanese players in many ways, but I think they changed us even more. We met a strange people in a strange land, and the friendships we formed have made each of us wiser and, I think, better. A lot of good will was exchanged when Gil Hodges put on his show for those Japanese baseball fans in the left-field bleachers. The games in Japan may have been as important as any the Dodgers ever played.



In Our Parish

In our parish, six-year-old Suzie confided to the Sisters that her mother was going to have a baby. She hoped for twin sisters. The nuns told Suzie that she should pray hard.

Suzie prayed faithfully and devoutly every night, and when the time came, she had twin baby sisters.

From that time on Suzie's faith in the power of prayer has been enormous. One day her playmate Betty confided that her mother was expecting, and that she, too, would like twin sisters. Suzie impressed upon her that she should pray hard.

Betty prayed and prayed, and her mother had twins, too.

"Are they little girls?" was Suzie's quick question.

"No," said Betty, "they're only boys." She was very disappointed.

"But didn't you pray every night for twin sisters?" asked Suzie.

"I prayed every night just like you said," said Betty, "and I asked God for twins. I didn't mention baby sisters especially."

"Well," snorted an exasperated Suzie, "How was God to know? Why didn't you say what you meant?"

Edward R. Brennan.

[You are invited to submit similar stories of parish life, for which \$10 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted to this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]

The Man With the Long Arm

When old troupers say, 'There's no business like show business,' they're thinking of men like Uncle Jim Harkins

EVERY NOON a spruce, sprightly, graying man named Jim Harkins shows up in the lobby of the National Broadcasting Co.'s casting department in New York City. There, for several hours, he is an extremely busy person.

He moves briskly about the vestibule, which is a kind of NBC crossroads, asking and answering questions, exchanging jokes with old troupers, giving advice to youngsters—sometimes listening patiently to sob stories over the telephone.

Nearly everybody who passes through calls, "Hiya, Uncle Jim!" He usually calls back, "Hello there, Doctor!"

An observer, noting the bewildering variety of things he does in the course of an afternoon, might be hard put to it to define Uncle Jim's job at NBC. The answer is simple: he doesn't have any.

The company reluctantly retired Harkins from his job in its casting department several years back, because company retirement rules left them no alternative. Harkins, not the least enfeebled, paid his respects to the edict to the extent of



surrendering his office and ceasing to observe regular hours. Otherwise, he's been operating pretty much as usual. In his lifelong conversation with show business, Uncle Jim intends to have the last word.

Harkins was once a topnotch vaudeville entertainer, and later became one of the nation's shrewdest talent scouts. But for a generation of old troupers, he has been preeminently "the man with the long arm"; that is, a chap who was always reaching into his pocket to help out a pal. A hallowed tradition of vaudeville was that the performer in the bucks was duty

bound to share his bounty with others who weren't doing so well. Uncle Jim has carried the tradition to extravagant lengths, partly because of a basically benevolent outlook, partly as a result of extensive long-arm practice he got as an associate of one of show business's most generous men, the late Fred Allen.

Harkins trouped in vaudeville for years, first alone, then teamed with his wife, Marian. By 1932, vaudeville was wheezing its last, and Jim was desperate. He received an offer to manage a walkathon, a craze of the times. In this grotesque entertainment, athletic couples tried to outlast each other strolling around a huge dance floor, hour after hour, day after day.

"I didn't want to do it, and I'm not proud of it," says Jim, with a sour grimace, as he looks back on the dreariest period of his life. "But I had a family to feed, and the money was too much to turn down."

As a headliner in vaudeville, Jim still had a big name, and therefore had hopes of escaping from the walkathon into radio. He was soon being courted by three different network shows. But as the great depression got worse, plans for the shows collapsed. Jim was stuck with his job of shepherding exhausted contestants who staggered and lurched about the floor, slapping each other to keep sleep at bay.

But with 1934 came salvation. Fred Allen, an old friend of vaudeville days, was developing one of

radio's first great shows. He called Jim up and asked him to become his personal manager.

Thus began what more than one old trouper looks back upon nostalgically as a kind of trial run for the Marshall Plan, with Jim acting as intermediary and dispensing agent for Fred's money. Every Sunday night after the Allen show, the line of down-and-outers waiting to put the touch on Fred through Uncle Jim looked like a breadline. Entertainers who had worked with Fred in the old days generally fared best, but practically nobody went away empty-handed.

"Fred was an understanding, constructive touch," muses Jim, with the relish of the connoisseur. "He always wanted to find long-range solutions to people's problems. Most of those fellows couldn't work in show business any more, so he'd try to find other jobs for them. But sometimes he'd even write them into his script so they wouldn't feel they were getting charity when he gave them money."

Although Allen was to be probably the harshest critic of radio and television giveaway shows, his staggering private "pension" list constitutes one of the great untold show-business stories of the 30's. Since Fred was inordinately shy, the extroverted Harkins was a handy man to have around to supervise the handouts.

Jim's wife, Marian, thinks that Jim's loyalty to Allen may have cir-

cumscribed his own career. "He loved Fred and was eager to do everything Fred asked. In effect, he became Fred's other self. Fred was a great man, but maybe Jim stood too much in his shadow."

"I couldn't have done a thing without Fred Allen," Jim maintains gratefully. But one thing is clear: Jim's own benevolent habits began long before his association with Allen. Martin Begley, now NBC's casting director, recalls how he and his three partners in a dance act were once stranded without food money because the theater rules didn't allow for advances. Jim, then a headliner, heard the boys lamenting backstage and came over to see what was wrong.

"Jim told us to shut up; then he demanded that the manager come backstage. The manager still refused to pay us. Jim got so mad he ordered the manager out from backstage; he could do that because he was a headliner. Then he loaned us the money himself so that we could eat."

Jim's cronies of vaudeville days love to recall the story of his short life as a chiropractor. Marian had taken a course in chiropractic treatment as a form of insurance for the family against lean days. When Jim had a bad cold disappear after he had taken chiropractic treatments, he became an enthusiast, and decided to get a degree himself. He attended school for two years, then set up practice in a plush office.

The results were disastrous. "Jim is an entertainer every waking moment," Marian explains. "When someone goes to a doctor for help, they're not looking for laughs. Jim knew his work, but he soon wasn't getting much business except from his old vaudeville friends.

"Practically nobody ever paid him, and he didn't have the heart to send bills. Pretty soon, some of his poorer pals were using his office as a place to sleep and were borrowing money from him. After two years, we were broke, and had to go back into vaudeville. But we made more money in the next four years than we'd ever made in show business before."

The 22 years Jim spent with Fred Allen simply widened his scope for helping people out. When he took on his additional duties at NBC, he quickly became a middleman between employers and guys who needed help. The NBC protection department, which polices all network property, is staffed largely with old troupers who were brought in by Uncle Jim.

"Well, what are these guys supposed to do?" Jim asks. "They spent a lifetime learning show business and making people happy. It's too late for them to learn something else." Among members of the protection staff are such old-timers as John Fogarty (the Silver-Voiced Tenor), Michael Clancy, and George Monohan.

When Catholic personnel at NBC

decided to organize a Communion breakfast a few years ago, Jim was the obvious choice to manage the affair. From a standing start (there were 150 at the first breakfast) he soon enticed enough people to have the breakfast shifted to the grand ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria. His success soon spurred an industry-wide interest that resulted in the CARTA breakfasts, which encompassed the entire radio-television world.

"Uncle Jim could deliver practically any celebrity in town for these breakfasts, or for benefit shows," says an old acquaintance. "He could arrange a bill of stars that a Las Vegas hotel couldn't afford."

Jim frequently secured Fred Allen as a speaker at Communion breakfasts in New York. Fred usually had to leave early to rehearse his Sunday-night show. As Fred would be on his way out, Jim would grab the mike and say, with Allen still within earshot, "Well, I'm glad *he's* gone." At the last breakfast he attended, Fred retaliated by stopping half-way out and grinning back at Jim until he had to abandon his punch line and set the microphone down.

It is estimated that every year Jim handles, without pay, about 200 benefits for orphanages, rest homes, and other charitable institutions. As a result of his multiple activities on behalf of the Church, he has been honored with the papal medal *Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice*. He is the

only man in show business ever to get one.

When Jim was notified of this great honor, he was told to come to Cardinal Spellman's office the following Saturday for the presentation ceremony. He paused for a moment, then said, "I'm sorry, but I just can't make it that day. That's the day I visit my daughter down in Washington, and I can see her only once a month." His daughter, Sister Barbara, is director of the music program for the entire Notre Dame Order.

Jim and Marian Harkins are both Philadelphia-born and bred. During their vaudeville days, they managed to bring up four children: Dorothy, Jim, Jr. (now the father of their first grandchild), Sister Barbara, and Mary.

"I don't think Jim used to have any idea that we'd ever settle down in a house and live like normal people," says Marian. "He has no mechanical ability and is almost helpless around the house. About 20 years ago, we bought a house out in Flushing, after great pressure on my part. And you know something? After a few weeks, he couldn't wait to get home every night. He's a thorough home body now. Show business is his life—but he can see most of it on television these days."

Jim is terribly proud of his family, but to find out anything about them you have to consult others. He and his family are the only subjects about which he is never elo-

quent. This reticence probably has its roots in a bleak Philadelphia childhood in which any revelation of sentiment was regarded as the mark of the sissy. The quirk has had some odd results. Jim would buy the back page of *Variety* to announce the birth of a child, but he would rarely talk about the event in private conversation.

In 1951, with Fred Allen in semi-retirement, Jim was pressured by an old protégé, Red Skelton, to come out to Hollywood and straighten out the Skelton TV show. Some of

Jim's NBC pals decided to have a little farewell party for him. The list of people who insisted on taking part kept growing, so that when the little party was held, the guests filled two large banquet rooms at the New York Athletic club.

Two months later, Jim resigned his job with Skelton and came back home. He said he couldn't stand Hollywood high life. But those who know him best say Uncle Jim just couldn't stand any way of life that did not include lunch at the Automat with his old show-business pals.

KID STUFF

I was bathing our new baby. Five-year-old Marion, my neighbor's daughter, stood watching the proceedings with interest. She was clutching a doll that had lost an arm and a leg.

"How long have you had your baby?" asked Marion.

"Three months," I replied.

"My, you've kept it nice," my little visitor commented.

F. Frangart.

At least a dozen persons crowded into the elevator of my office building, which is a Manhattan skyscraper, at the time I arrived one morning. I didn't realize that we had small fry aboard until one youngster began calling off the floors as the lights flashed on the indicator.

"One—two—three—" and then, as the elevator gave a meteoric lurch, "Blast off!" the young space cadet cried, at the top of his voice.

L.J.K.

My four-year-old Helen had the measles, and I had my hands full the whole morning running errands for her. After chasing down crayons, scissors, and picture books, and toting innumerable glasses of water, I decided I had had about enough. I ignored several demands.

Suddenly there was an ominous silence. I thought I'd better check. Maybe Helen was at last asleep. I tiptoed in; she lay there glaring. "It's too late to come now, mother," she sniffed. "I'm dead."

Frances Benson.

By Garrett Oppenheim
Condensed from "Today's Living"*

Banks Go Modern

They're providing giveaways, piped-in music, and community services to show that they have a compound interest in you

A SLIM VOLUME of first poems that recently attracted notice in New York literary circles bore a startling dedication. The lyrics were inscribed neither to the poet's mother nor to his current inamorata, but to the First National City Bank of New York—whose personal loan department had underwritten publishing costs of the slender volume.

Such things as poetry, music, and human relations now play a large and lucrative role in banking. Did you know, for example, that when the *Ile de France* docked at New York with survivors from the *Andrea Doria*, many of them were met at the pier by bank personnel who provided them with clothes, shelter, and cash to meet the emergency? Did you know that if you are on the road and want a reliable hotel, restaurant, or clothing store, your best bet is to walk into a commercial bank and ask for the manager? Banks are now merchandising good will and service on a mass scale.



Why the big switch? A survey conducted for the American Bankers association shows the following.

1. The middle millions (families with "disposable" incomes of over \$4,000 after taxes) have doubled in number since 1950 and will treble by 1960. The middle millions, who already comprise more than half the nation's family spending units, need bank services.

2. Women are playing an ever-increasing role in banking. Today's housewife pays more family bills than her husband (in most cases by check), enters the bank as often as he does, and takes the lead in

*230 W. 41st St., New York City 36. Jan. 27, 1957. © 1957 by the New York Herald Tribune, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

home budgeting. Women actually outnumber men as bank employees, and 9,000 women hold executive posts in banks.

3. Though nearly all of us use some form of banking service (if only to cash our pay checks), most of us are unaware of the great change. Bankers who want small accounts (which now add up to big business) must go out and get them.

New York banks have shed their marble halls and raced to areas where the homemakers live. They are courting the middle millions on the move in subway stations and rail terminals. Even in business centers they've rebuilt or renovated with the feminine motif in mind. It has paid.

A bank opening these days is a gala event, replete with bunting and giveaways. When the Bankers Trust Co. opened a branch a few months ago, every visitor received a bottle of imported perfume, and had a chance to see himself on closed-circuit television.

Such events are carefully geared to the neighborhood. When the Bowery Savings bank opened its new Harlem office, each customer who deposited \$5 received not only a wallet but a free \$1 check for the charitable organization of his choice.

Giveaways are an important part of banking's modern approach. The accounts that banks land are stable and profitable. So they run "new-account jubilees," birthday celebra-

tions, and open-house days to keep things going.

Nor are giveaways confined to such traditional items as calendars and billfolds. They range from zinnia seeds, baseball schedules, and coins for the parking meter to writing sets or books that would set you back around \$7 in a store. The Lincoln Savings bank, a true Brooklyn institution, last season marked its 90th birthday by giving two reserved seats for the Dodgers' first game to anyone starting a \$10 account.

Door prizes are another lure. At the smash-hit opening of Manhattan Savings bank's new main office, these included a custom Mercury four-door sedan and a seven-day Bermuda-Nassau cruise (with \$300 cash for incidentals). The campaign added 19,000 accounts.

Bright, inviting buildings with streamlined counters (instead of cages where the teller's smile had to squeeze through grillwork), artistic murals, flowers, and piped-in music are replacing funereal stone temples with stern interiors.

The mighty fortresses of yesteryear were designed to make you feel that banks were here to stay and that your money was safe in them. Coverage by the Federal Deposit Insurance Corp., plus electronic safeguards, has eliminated this need; emphasis now is on friendliness. The function of today's bank building, says Adolf Lancken Muller, leading architect in this field, is to advertise its services.

Many banks devote their most valuable real estate not to banking but to lounges, where neighborhooders feel free to relax during lunch or shopping hours, to write letters or to meet their friends. A local shoemaker regularly brings his sandwich to Chemical Corn Exchange bank's restful office in Rockefeller Center. Big-screen TV attracted thousands of New Yorkers into the lounge of Manhattan Savings for the 1956 World Series. One elderly woman fan became curious enough to ask the manager what a savings bank was for, anyway—and promptly opened a whopping account.

Glass fronts and interiors are now enlivened by a wide variety of exhibits, ranging anywhere from Union Dime Savings bank's farm fair (where chicks could be seen hatching) to a fashion show at Manhattan Savings. East River Savings bank installed a full-size model locomotive in its 96th St. office, with sound effects and a movie screen to give the illusion of speed. Children flocked for free "rides," while Wallie Cox signed autographs.

Car facilities are a must at any modern bank. Where drive-ins are impracticable, there is ample parking space. Latest thing for motorists is the snorkel window, which permits fast curb service without loss of the personal touch. The snorkel, looking somewhat like a king-size TV set, enables the customer in his

car and the teller in his bank to see and speak to each other via a two-way video, while pneumatic tubes carry money and papers in both directions.

For pedestrians there's the sidewalk window with overhead weather shelter. Bowery and Union Square Savings banks have windows facing right into the rail or subway stations.

But bankers know that none of these trimmings are enough unless backed by service and personal interest. Like retailers, bankers have found that small courtesies (such as a friendly phone tip-off when your checking account dips near the penalty point) go far to build good will. At least one bank provides checkbooks with stubs on the right for southpaw customers.

A further courtesy permits you or your mate to make deposits and withdrawals at any convenient office of the bank in which you have an account. And if you are planning to travel, the big banks have branches or correspondent banks in practically every important city of the free world. They will arrange to have you met by bank personnel who will reserve your seats at the opera or a play, cut red tape, and make sure you are treated right.

There's almost no financial problem your banker will not try to solve for you. He'll give you advice on anything from the cost of a home to the meaning of "stock rights." Union Dime Savings bank

provides family budget forms. Bankers Trust each year gives out 100,000 copies of a detailed book to help you with your taxes. If you're expecting, your bank can probably tell you about layette and obstetrical costs.

In line with the new trend, banks have outstripped all competitors in consumer installment financing. Those thumping lump sums you must pay out (always at the wrong time of year) for insurance, taxes, or tuition can be spread over 12 or 24 months through a low-cost commercial bank loan—and the interest you pay is income-tax deductible. If you have a steady job, you can borrow today for almost anything. An amateur musician with high talent and low salary wanted a grand piano—a good one—to practice for a concert career. First National City put up the money for a Steinway. His collateral? Dedication to his art.

With changing concepts, banks are more than ever interested in catching 'em young. High chairs for future customers are common, and for those youngsters old enough to bank there are small-fry windows with steps in front of them. Lollipops for little visitors are as routine at the bank as they are at the pediatrician's.

The National City bank lets the Brooklyn younger set draw Halloween pictures on its glass fronts and awards prizes for the best efforts. Lavish Christmas displays and bank

Santa Clauses are giving department stores keen competition.

The Bronx's Dollar Savings bank, which collects youngsters' money right in the schools, reports that more than 75% of such savings are transferred to regular accounts after graduation—and the mortality rate on these is unusually low. East New York Savings bank has a separate building for school kids near its Brooklyn home office and publishes a *School Bank News* that pays for contributions from budding authors. Most banks go out of their way to welcome visiting classes. Williamsburgh Savings bank shows them Brooklyn from its tower observatory and recently piloted a group of 8th graders to Albany, where they shook hands with the governor and watched the lawmakers in action.

Banks find it's good business to cooperate in community betterment and are happy to supply films and speakers or donate space for meetings, as well as secretaries and refreshments. At Little Neck a Jewish congregation that was temporarily without a synagogue held regular services in the local branch of Bankers Trust. Union Dime Savings bank sponsors concerts of recorded music in New York's Bryant park.

Banks want you to count on their friendship and will go almost any length to help a customer. When a Manhattanite was struck by a car recently in Central America, the man who donated blood for him

and looked after him until he was well was a man he'd never even met before—a teller from the local branch of First National City.

Banks are equally humane to strangers, as two newlyweds learned while passing through New York on their honeymoon. They woke up one morning to discover that their traveler's checks were gone, and that they had only \$2 in cash. On

reporting the loss, they were told they'd have to wait 30 days for funds, but someone suggested they try Chase Manhattan, which had a correspondent arrangement with their home bank. A Chase official put through a long-distance call and promptly cashed a check for the stranded couple. Moral: even the course of true love can be smoothed by modern banking.



HEARTS ARE TRUMPS

Mary had come to the big city to get her degree. By working in a hospital during the day (going to school at night) she was able to make a bare living and pay her tuition. Then Christmas was coming, and most of her money went for gifts. By the middle of the month she was down to the one large meal a day provided by the hospital. Carfare became a luxury and groceries an impossibility.

During the holidays the hospital was nearly emptied except for those patients too ill to go home. Mary was not so busy as usual, and she was homesick. One patient spending the holidays in the hospital was an elderly gentleman who had not responded to treatment for months. He seemed content just to lie in his bed and wait for the end. Mary now took an interest in him, and what with her determination and spirit he seemed to have no alternative but to get better. Together they trimmed a small tree in his room, and Mary's last dime went for a gay greeting card for his breakfast tray Christmas morning.

Within a week he was well enough to go home. On New Year's morning he called Mary into his room and insisted on giving her some money. Mary was tempted to accept. It was five days until payday. But after a moment she explained that she must refuse. It had been her pleasure as well as duty to serve him, she said.

That night Mary was told to stop by the business office; an envelope had been left there for her. Inside it, Mary found \$20 and a note saying that the giver wished to remain anonymous. But Mary knew her ex-patient too well not to know that he could, if he chose, be persistent.

C. Keane.

[For original accounts, 200 to 300 words long, of true cases where unseeking kindness was rewarded, \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be acknowledged nor returned.]

Anesthesia: Round Trip to Oblivion

How it feels to be 'put under'

YOU HAVE BEEN to the doctor and he has told you that whatever it is that's ailing you has got to come out. You go to the hospital the night before the operation, and there you probably meet your anesthetist for the first time. Very likely you hadn't given him a thought. Yet he is just as important to you as your surgeon. He is going to be your guide on one of the strangest journeys you ever took, a round trip to oblivion.

Let's call him Dr. Sanders. He radiates confidence and good cheer. But his visit isn't entirely social. He has come to size you up—and to buck you up for tomorrow's expedition. Are you allergic to any of the drugs he may want to use? Do you have a condition of heart, lungs, or liver that would rule out certain anesthetics?

Even more important, Dr. Sanders is here to calm your fears and answer your questions. He doesn't do this just to be nice. He knows that if you are tense, your journey



to oblivion is going to be a lot rougher than it should be.

"Confidence," he tells you, "is the best anesthetic in the world." Here's the reason: fear tenses your body even when you are unconscious. A fearful patient requires up to three times more drugs to reach the relaxed stage at which the surgeon can operate. The more drugs used, the less resistance you have to the shock of the operation and the more slowly you recover. (Most surgical patients take longer to recover from the effect of the

*488 Madison Ave., New York City 22. March, 1957. © 1957 by Esquire, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

drugs than from the initial shock of surgery.)

Dr. Sanders' visit is really a kind of briefing for a flight into the rarefied outer space of existence. One by one, the reflexes by which your body maintains breathing, blood circulation, heat control, chemical balance, and other conditions essential to life become weakened. But new drugs and improved techniques enable your anesthetist to keep in touch with you every step of the way. Anesthesia actually exposes you to less risk than you run when behind the wheel of your car. With 10 million Americans making the trip every year, the route is well marked.

Stage one is called analgesia, otherwise known as the "feeling-no-pain" stage. It starts in your room, an hour or so before the operation, when the nurse gives you morphine, scopolamine, atropine, or some other premedication that Dr. Sanders has prescribed for you.

The immediate effect is like hearing good news. Things could be much worse. You may have felt something like this after a couple of drinks: a little lightheaded, perhaps, but clever, perceptive, able to see right into people's minds, and ready to forgive everything. All the threat dissolves out of the world. You are amused and rather touched by the way all these people bustle about, taking everything so seriously. You wonder if they're really out there, or here inside your head

where it's so bright and spacious. You don't know what time it is and you don't care. So you're being wheeled into the operating room: so what?

Dr. Sanders is there, bantering cheerfully with the surgeons and nurses. He straps your left forearm to a short board attached to the operating table, inserts a small needle in the fold of your elbow, and tapes it there firmly. He will use this opening in your blood stream to introduce any fluids you may need during the operation: glucose, blood, plasma, saline solution, or a muscle relaxer like curare.

Right now, the needle in your arm is connected by plastic tubing to a bottle of sodium pentothal hanging upside down on a rack. Glancing at it, you notice silvery bubbles streaming upward like ack-ack tracers. For every bubble a proportionate amount of sodium pentothal is entering your blood stream. Stage two of your journey to oblivion has begun.

This stage is roughly comparable to the last and usually boisterous stage of drunkenness just before the drunkard passes out. The way you react early in this stage depends somewhat on the kind of person you are. The artist or composer will probably see vivid colors or hear music. A writer may feel he has the plot for the great American novel.

You may think, very early in this stage, that you are spilling out your

life's secrets. But probably the doctors and nurses hear only a blurred mumble. Occasionally a word or two is distinguishable. *Mama* is the commonest. Even people in their 70's and 80's sometimes mumble it. Once in a while a patient will express a good intention: "Never write home. Going to write home now."

What happens next in this stage is that you are suddenly decivilized. As the drug numbs your higher brain centers, you are left with only the "animal" core of the brain still functioning. In the old days, patients sometimes got up off the operating table and started wrecking the place. But today, with quicker-acting drugs, this state is so brief that it is over before anything can happen.

As you penetrate deeply into the twilight regions of unconsciousness, the last sense you leave behind is hearing. There is a point, just before you black out, when you seem to be all ears. Because none of your other senses are working, sounds are enormously exaggerated. The nurses' starched gowns crackle and snap like brush fire. Someone quietly clearing his throat sounds like a flight of startled quail. Words reverberate as if yodeled from alp to alp.

Doctors and nurses have to be careful to say nothing that would alarm a patient, even after he is apparently dead to the world. Many a surgeon has been flabbergasted

after an operation to hear the patient say, "I heard everything you said, doctor," and repeat some incautious remark.

As in a dream, time seems endless. You really remain conscious no more than a minute, probably no more than a few seconds, after the sodium pentothal starts flowing into your blood stream. As the last gleam of consciousness fades into blackness you enter stage 3, called "surgical anesthesia."

Now that you are unconscious, Dr. Sanders nods at the nurses. They immediately start to "paint" the area of the operation with anti-septic solution. But at the beginning of stage 3 you are still not ready to be operated on.

Most people think that the purpose of anesthesia is only to keep you from feeling pain. But even more important from a purely surgical point of view is the relaxation of your muscles. Light and relatively harmless amounts of drugs can make you unconscious to pain. But more drugs are required to get proper muscle relaxation for surgery; and the additional medication puts more strain on heart, lungs, liver, and other vital organs.

The drugs also knock out one after another the protective reflexes which enable your body to ward off or recover from invasion of any kind, including surgery. That is why Dr. Sanders wants to know exactly where you are at every moment during your blackout.

How does he keep track? From the time you enter the operating room, he continuously checks pulse, blood pressure, and respiration. He records them on his chart. Fluctuations in depth of anesthesia are reflected in moisture and color changes in your skin. Now and then Dr. Sanders lifts your eyelid and looks at the pupil. The pupil gets progressively bigger as you advance through stage 3.

No matter what he does with his left hand, the anesthetist's right hand never strays far from the little black rubber bag which protrudes at knee height from the inhalation machine. This bag is connected to your lungs, via a tube which fits directly into your windpipe.

By keeping his fingertips on this bag, Dr. Sanders can tell exactly how you are breathing. With a quick squeeze he can rinse the gas out of your lungs and switch to oxygen. He can change over from a slow-acting agent like ether to a fast-acting gas like cyclopropane.

How deeply you go into stage 3

of anesthesia depends on the nature of your operation and the skill of your anesthetist. Unless you are very weak, or the operation is a terribly long and drastic one, it is very unlikely you'll ever go past the point from which you can safely find your own way back to consciousness.

The far side of stage 3 is a region which you will not explore. Blood pressure drops lower and lower. The pulse accelerates wildly. The eyelids drop open. The muscles of the throat begin to jump. Breathing grows fainter and more spasmodic until it ceases.

Cessation of breathing is usually considered the end of stage 3 and the beginning of stage 4. But even if your breathing stopped, Dr. Sanders could use the little black bag to breathe for you till your lungs started up again.

Remember all this the next time you need an operation. It will give you confidence, the best anesthetic agent in the world and your passport to a safe journey to oblivion.



RENT CONTROL

I was calling on a friend of mine who is manager of an apartment building. He had just finished putting up a sign: "Apartment for Rent. No Children." While we were talking, there was a knock on the door. Outside stood a serious-looking little boy, about seven.

"Sir," he said with some dignity, "I saw your sign, and I'm wondering if that apartment is still vacant?" He stopped and swallowed. Then, "I haven't any children. There's just me and my parents."

Looking behind him, we could see a young couple watching us with anxious but hopeful faces. They got the apartment.

Dr. L. Binder.

Mark and His Gospel

*He has been called 'an intelligent rustic
describing the wonderful events he has witnessed'*

A NAKED Jewish boy, St. Mark's Gospel tells us, was the last person to desert Christ in the garden of Gethsemane. So great was his haste in fleeing that he left behind him, in the hands of the Roman soldiers, the linen cloth he had hastily thrown about him for a cloak.

Many modern Scripture scholars think that this young Jew was none other than John Mark himself, the man who gave us the 2nd Gospel.

Scripture and tradition say little else about the author of the 2nd Gospel, who is better known by his Graeco-Roman surname, Mark, than by his Jewish name, John. His name is not mentioned at all in the Gospels.

The early Christian writers tell us very little about him. St. Epiphanius thinks that he was one of the 72 disciples who followed Christ, and also one of those who, after Christ's sermon on the Eucharist, "walked no more" with Jesus.

The Acts of the Apostles provides some information about St. Mark. We are introduced to Mark himself in the middle of the Acts. He is living in Jerusalem with his mother.



After Peter's miraculous delivery from prison, the Prince of the Apostles goes immediately "to the house of Mary, the mother of John, who was surnamed Mark." From this incident it is apparent that Peter knew Mark and his family well. Perhaps Peter baptized the family, for in his 1st Epistle he refers to Mark as "my son."

About the time that Peter was freed from prison by the angel, Paul and Barnabas were in Jerusalem, distributing the alms which they had received from the Christians of Antioch. This mission completed, they returned to Antioch, taking

*Prepared especially for THE CATHOLIC DIGEST by the Paulist Writers' Bureau.

with them Mark, who was a cousin of Barnabas.

From Antioch, Paul and Barnabas with Mark as their assistant set out on their first missionary journey. Mark remained with them until they reached Perge in Pamphylia, where he left them to return to Jerusalem. Perhaps he was homesick, but St. Paul certainly did not consider Mark's reason for leaving justifiable!

After the Council of Jerusalem, we find Paul, Barnabas, and Mark together again at Antioch. St. Paul then suggested to Barnabas a second missionary journey, and Barnabas readily agreed, provided that his cousin Mark would go along. St. Paul, however, had been so seriously displeased with Mark's desertion on the first missionary journey that he refused permission. The Acts of the Apostles tells us here that "a sharp contention sprang up so that they separated from each other." Barnabas took Mark with him to Cyprus, and Paul, accompanied by Timothy, revisited the other areas that they had already evangelized.

For ten years after this breakup, the New Testament is silent about Mark. We do not again learn his whereabouts until Paul, imprisoned at Rome during the reign of Nero, sends greetings to Philemon from "Mark, Aristarchus, Demas, and Luke, my fellow workers." Paul also mentions Mark in his Epistle to the Colossians, sending greetings from Aristarchus and "Mark, Barna-

bas' cousin." From what follows this greeting we can see that Paul has completely forgiven Mark's previous desertion at Perge. Speaking of Mark, and of the others who were with him at Rome, Paul says, "of men circumcised, these only are my fellow workers in the kingdom of God; they have been a comfort to me."

Soon after this, Peter, who is also at Rome, sends greetings to the Churches of the world from "my son Mark." The fact that Peter sends greetings from Mark to the people of Pontus, Galatia, Cappadocia, Asia, and Bithynia suggests that Mark may have played some part in evangelizing those areas.

In the year 66 St. Mark was back in Asia Minor, as either a missionary or an administrator. St. Paul, writing to Timothy at this time, urges him to "take Mark, and bring him with thee, for he is useful to me for the ministry." What events took place after this we cannot know, for the Scriptures contain nothing further about St. Mark.

From what we have seen in the New Testament, it would appear that Paul was a more important figure in the life of St. Mark than was Peter. Tradition, however, lays greater stress on the role which Mark played in Peter's apostolate, especially with regard to the composition of the 2nd Gospel. Church Fathers and ecclesiastical writers agree in calling Mark the disciple and interpreter of St. Peter. Eusebius tells us

that Mark's Gospel is a rendering of St. Peter's oral teaching, as Mark remembered it. Clement of Alexandria, and many other early Christian writers, confirm Eusebius' testimony.

From one of these writers we learn of a peculiar physical characteristic of Mark. The ante-Marcionite prologue tells us that Mark was *colobodactylus*, that is, that his "fingers were stunted." Curiously enough, this is the extent of our knowledge about Mark's physical appearance.

Tradition adds another detail about St. Mark's life. Eusebius, in his *Ecclesiastical History*, written in the 3rd century, relates that Mark was founder of the Church at Alexandria. He tells us nothing about the date or length of his ministry there. And we know nothing at all about the time, the place, or the manner of Mark's death.

The Gospel according to Mark is the shortest of the four Gospels. Nine-tenths of what it tells us can be found again in Matthew and Luke. After reading Mark's Gospel in Greek, one realizes that its author was no literary man, but a person of modest education, and average cultural background. We find out further that the author is a Greek-speaking Jew. The Gospel is not a translation from the Aramaic, but was written originally in Greek. Yet its contents betray the Jewish nationality of its writer, since he makes use of Aramaic words and

phrases. There is also a Roman flavor in the style.

Mark's Greek is poor. His sentences are short and bare of ornamentation. His style lacks polish and has little change of pace. Yet, for all of this, his work has qualities which are not found in the other evangelists. He describes events vividly, in a straightforward manner. He handles narrative with animation, including many details which are lacking in Matthew and Luke. He adds warmth and a certain freshness to the story; he leaves the reader with strong impressions. Perhaps Ricciotti, in his *Life of Christ*, describes Mark best when he calls him "an intelligent rustic who is describing the wonderful events he has witnessed."

The exact date of Mark's Gospel is not known, but most scholars agree that it was written sometime between the years 53 and 63. Clement of Alexandria is one of the many witnesses who tells us that Mark wrote his Gospel while at Rome. He wrote for those who asked him to put down in writing what he remembered of Peter's teachings. Mark, then, is not writing for Jewish Christians. It would be foolish to explain Jewish customs to Jews, to tell Jews that the Jordan is a river, and to explain why Jews wash their hands before eating. Yet Mark does these things; we conclude, therefore, that his audience was one of converted gentiles.

Mark presents Christ to his read-

ers, not as the long-awaited Messiah of the Jewish nation, but as Son of God, as the wonder worker, as lord of nature, as conqueror of the diabolic powers. He emphasizes Christ's miracles. Although Mark's is the shortest of the Gospels, he records all but four of our Lord's known miracles, and some of those miracles are recorded by Mark alone.

The great climax of Mark's Gospel is the revelation to the gentiles of the divinity of Jesus. He begins his Gospel with the voice of John the Baptist heralding the coming of one whose sandal he was not worthy to loose. Mark then goes on to prove the truth of the poignant cry of the centurion, "Truly, this man was the Son of God."

ANSWERS TO NEW WORDS FOR YOU (PAGE 57)

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|---|
| 1. controvert (kon'tro-vurt) | b) To deny, oppose, turn against. |
| 2. versus (vur'sus) | i) Turned against, as in legal action or contest. |
| 3. avert (a-vert') | h) To turn aside; to prevent. |
| 4. advert (ad-vurt') | f) To refer, to turn to. |
| 5. obverse (ob'vurs) | j) Turned to or facing observer; principal surface as opposed to reverse. |
| 6. inversion (in-vur'shun) | g) Act of turning upside down or inside out. |
| 7. introvert (in'tro-vurt) | d) To turn or bend inward, especially one's interests; one so inclined. |
| 8. extrovert (ex'tro-vurt) | e) To turn or bend outward, especially one's interests; one so inclined. |
| 9. vertigo (vur'ti-go) | k) Dizziness; a "turning" in the head. |
| 10. animadversion (an-i-mad-vur'zhun) | l) Turning of attention, usually with disapproval; adverse criticism. |
| 11. diversionary (di-vur'shun-er-i) | c) That which turns away attention; serving to distract. |
| 12. subversive (sub-vur'siv) | a) Tending to overturn, especially morals or allegiance; one so regarded. |

(All correct: superior; 10 correct: good; 8 correct: fair)

The Martin Luther Film

Why do Catholics find it offensive?

BY THIS TIME, the *Martin Luther* film has pretty well gone the rounds, both in theaters and on television.

Catholic objection to the film comes not from a desire to censor Protestant propaganda, nor from a reluctance to have moral conditions of the Church in Luther's time revealed. The Catholic objection is that the film mistreats history; it perpetuates known falsehoods about the Church.

One incident which seems utterly trivial in itself is perhaps the best index to the method and intent of the makers of this film. It is the matter of the chained Bible. One such Bible is pictured: a casual camera shot rests momentarily on the Bible and its chain. That's all. One of my students told me that when he saw the film, a woman next to him turned to her companion and said, "Look, they *did* chain the Bible."

The truth is, of course, that the Church *did* chain Bibles. But so did Protestants. For what sinister reason? The same one that moves

the telephone company to chain its phone books to the booth. Here, however, a seemingly meaningless shot, seen in context, implied that the Church kept the Bible from the people.

Another example. It is part of popular fable, but no part of scholarship, that Martin Luther was the first to bring the Scriptures out of Latin into the German language. In the film, a fellow monk tells Luther not to dream of the Scriptures in German. Latin was good enough for St. Jerome and St. Augustine; it would have to do for Luther, also.

In case the audience missed the point intended (that the Church doesn't wish people to be looking into the Bible to find out the truth, so she keeps it hidden in Latin), there is the sequence in the castle of Wartburg with the page boy. The film shows Luther talking to a page boy who stands by the desk while Luther is preparing the German translation of the New Testament. The boy picks up the manuscript and reads (as if hearing

them for the first time) the words of our Lord in the promise of the Eucharist. The impression given is that this was the first time anyone was ever able to know what was in the Bible about the promise of the Eucharist unless he could read Latin.

The facts? There were a score of German translations of the Scriptures before Luther's, nine of them before he was even born. Were the men responsible for the film ignorant of these matters, despite all the scholarly advice they claim to have received?

Take the matter of the film's presentation of the Church's teaching on indulgences, and her practice in regard to indulgences at the time of Luther. The film tries to convey two notions: 1. that the Church teaches that indulgences mean forgiveness of sins without sorrow or Confession; and 2. that the preacher of indulgences, Tetzel, preached that view of indulgences in 1517 when Luther rose up to attack the practice.

The papal Bull of Indulgence is available for anyone to read. It authorized the indulgence of 1517 and set its conditions. In the picture, the bull is given a new wording to fit the intended misrepresentation. Tetzel's remarks (in the film) carry on the misrepresentation, and a third scene is thrown in for good measure.

This third scene is the sequence where Luther comes across a drunk-

en man lying in the street. The drunkard has heard Tetzel preach, and has "bought" an indulgence. Luther urges him to go to Confession, only to have the man reply that he doesn't need to, since the indulgence has taken care of his guilt. He has the document in his hand.

The document clutched in the drunken man's hand could be what was known as a "confessional letter," a permission to seek out a confessor in order to make a sincere Confession, be absolved, and then gain the indulgence. Neither in Luther's time, nor before nor since, has the Church ever taught that an indulgence takes away the guilt of sin.

Those responsible for the script needed to look no further than the *Summary Instruction* put out by Archbishop Albrecht of Magdeburg, the man who commissioned Tetzel to preach the indulgence against which Luther spoke. This instruction explicitly demands "heartfelt contrition and oral Confession" as conditions necessary for gaining the indulgence.

They would have found exactly the same thing in Tetzel's own *Instructions for Parish Priests*, where he stressed the fact that penitents must be absolved as a necessary condition for receiving the indulgence.

This correct view of Catholic teaching on indulgences can also be found in one of Luther's own

sermons, delivered at Wittenberg in the summer of 1516. It is a solid witness against the falsity which the film tries to promote.

Pictorially, the film presents Pope Leo X faithfully, and his love of pleasure is not overdone. Serious violence is done to fact, however, by depicting Leo as interested only in money, and not at all in the doctrinal significance of the Luther question.

When the Martin Luther affair broke in Germany, Leo X requested, not an audit, but the doctrinal opinions of the theological faculties of Louvain and Cologne. These, plus a detailed report from Eck, Luther's chief Catholic adversary, were sent to Rome. The Consistory

met through February and March of 1520, in the presence not of bankers, but of the theologians and representatives of the Religious Orders. Four meetings of the Cardinals followed. Then came a drafting of the Bull *Exsurge, Domine*, condemning 41 doctrinal statements of Luther contrary to Catholic teaching. This doesn't sound like the total lack of interest in doctrinal matters which the film tries to show.

Bad conditions in the Church at the time of Luther have been admitted by Catholics ever since the day in the midst of the Lutheran revolt when Pope Adrian VI frankly assumed that blame in the name of the Church. But this film bears false witness.



PEOPLE ARE LIKE THAT

The scene was a certain large and expensive restaurant in Minneapolis, Minn. A couple walked in, manfully led by their eight-year-old son. Catching the headwaiter's eye, the father indicated that the son would choose the table. Later, when the waitress approached the group, the father said, "Give the menu to the boy here. He'll do the ordering and pay the check."

The lad scanned the menu, furtively fished out his wallet, made a quick calculation, and then said to the waitress, "Bring us two de-luxe hamburgers and a hot-fudge sundae apiece."

After the meal, the youngster paid the check. The waitress counted nine half dollars, 12 quarters, 11 dimes, eight nickels, and 30 pennies.

The mother whispered an explanation to the waitress. "This is our anniversary, and he's been saving up for nearly a year to take us out to dinner."

Cedric Adams in the *Minneapolis Star* (2 April '57).

[For original accounts, 100 to 200 words long, of true incidents that illustrate the instinctive goodness of human nature, \$10 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be acknowledged nor returned.]

By Carlos P. Romulo
Philippine Ambassador to the U. S.
*Condensed from "Guideposts"**

The World Has a Conscience

And it's getting steadily clearer



ANDREI VISHINSKY, chief of the Soviet delegation to the UN, once angered by something I said to him in debate, replied scornfully that I was "just a little man from a little country." That was supposed to settle the whole argument.

Well, *I am* a little fellow, only five feet four in my shoes. And the Philippines are not big in size either, certainly not compared with Russia. But that remark did the communists a great deal of harm. Why? Because it offended the sense of fair play that is built into human beings everywhere. Nobody likes a bully!

In these troubled times, pessimists are saying that morality has disappeared from international affairs, that the influence of the UN is growing weaker, that God (as Napoleon once remarked) is on the side of the biggest battalions.

I don't agree. Last January, I presided for a month over the UN Security Council. From that vantage point I was able to look out over the whole world, to sense the mighty currents and crosscurrents that flow between nations. And it became increasingly clear to me that, despite all the surface evidence to the contrary, this world *does* have a conscience, and that its conscience is growing stronger all the time.

Consider the earth-shaking events of last November. When the British, French, and Israelis attacked Egypt they felt (no doubt sincerely) that they had ample provocation. But the rest of the world did not agree, and ultimately this moral pressure caused them to retire without achieving all they had sought.

It is true that in Hungary the

*Carnegie Bldg., 345 E. 46th St., New York City 17. April, 1957. © 1957 by Guideposts Associates, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

terrible suppression of patriots by the Red army was unopposed by outside force. But again, the conscience of mankind was so outraged that the damage to world communism was incalculable. In Africa and in Asia, many who had professed "neutrality" in the struggle between democracy and communism had their eyes opened to the dreadful menace of Red imperialism.

Now, in the second half of the 20th century, nations are beginning to learn that global crime does not pay, that international immorality ultimately defeats itself, and that sooner or later the consequences of wrongdoing are disastrous.

These moral precepts rest, ultimately, on religious principles. Ever since the birth of the UN some of us have been striving to have this truth recognized. The communists have steadily opposed us, but we have made some progress. In the great UN building in New York today, there is a small chapel where members can go to pray.

Several years ago, when I first presided over the assembly, I concluded my inaugural address with a plea to the Almighty to give us the vision and courage to face our awesome responsibilities. "Let us pray for these things," I said, and the assembly rose and stood in silence. I suppose the communists, who do not believe in God, simply "meditated," but at least they stood.

Most great American presidents have testified to their reliance on

prayer. Washington did. Lincoln did. President Eisenhower does. Our Philippine presidents have also relied on prayer.

A man who believes in God and in divine law is necessarily a man of peace. To my personal knowledge, there have been times when great pressure was brought to bear on President Eisenhower to resort to force of arms. In the crisis over the offshore Chinese islands, and also during the siege of Dienbienphu in Indo-China, there were men who sincerely believed that the use of force would be in America's best interests, and they so advised the President. But the President said No. Again, during the Suez crisis, he did not hesitate to speak out against the use of force by his country's closest allies.

The result is that people everywhere, in Asia, in Africa, all over the world, have come to the conclusion that the President of the U.S. does not judge events by narrow national interests. He uses a moral yardstick.

The world does have a conscience, and the voice of that conscience is becoming steadily clearer. No nation, large or small, is really strong enough to defy the moral censure of the rest of the planet. We may yet live to see the day when all nations, the small ones as well as the giants, will be measured by the sincerity of their compliance with the divine injunction, *Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.*

How's Your Headache?

*You're probably all wrong
about what brought it on*

"I've been having headaches lately. I must need new glasses." (Usually wrong. Headaches due to visual defects are quite rare.)

"I keep getting those awful sinus headaches." (Sinus trouble is seldom guilty.)

"My secretary has a headache every Monday. She must hate her job. I'd better replace her." (Nonsense. Monday headaches are common even among people who love their jobs.)

"Whenever my daughter gets these sick headaches, I know she needs a laxative." (Constipation never causes headaches.)

"There was some fish in that salad, and I'm sure it gave me a headache." (Food allergy almost never causes headaches.)

IF YOU WOKE UP this morning with a headache, take heart, for you are not alone. So did several hundred thousand other American men, women, and children; a person who never had one is a medical rarity. Druggists sell more headache remedies than anything else on their shelves.



Yet, common as it is, the headache is one of the most misunderstood of all human ailments, also one of the most neglected. According to medical estimates, 12 to 16 million Americans have headaches so intense or frequent as to be a real handicap, deserving far more attention than swallowing an aspirin. Yet only about half the people who suffer seriously from headaches see doctors about them.

Even when they go to their family doctors they cannot always be sure of proper treatment. Many doctors dismiss headaches lightly. The number of family physicians who take a headache seriously, understand it, and know how to cope with it is far too small.

This is too bad, because unrelieved headache can be one of the

worst pains known to mankind. Some headaches are so severe that they can hardly be dulled by morphine, much less an aspirin. Other headaches, though less intense, go on for days, weeks, even months. Yet proper treatment can greatly help most of them.

At New York City's Montefiore hospital, where a unit specializing in headaches was set up ten years ago, nearly 10,000 patients have been studied and treated. In nearly all cases the pain has been relieved. In some, the patient has been cured. In others, he has at least been helped, to the point of having fewer and less intense headaches.

Some sufferers are afraid to seek treatment, lest they find that something incurable is wrong with the brain itself. But though it seems logical to think that the brain might be involved, it never is. It is a medical fact, proved time after time on the operating table, that the brain is insensible to pain. The headache has to come from somewhere else. But where?

In the commonest type of all, it comes from a source one would hardly suspect, the muscles of the neck and scalp. The pain starts because the muscles become tense and cramped. The tension pinches the blood vessels in and around the muscles, reducing the blood supply and causing even greater distress. The pain seems to spread all over the skull. If the headache is severe, the patient tenses up even more,

thus creating a vicious circle in which the muscle tightness leads to pain which leads to more tightness which causes even greater pain.

The term "tension headache" has been coined for this type of pain by the director of the Montefiore headache unit, Dr. Arnold P. Friedman. As the name implies, the tension headache is caused by nervous strain. It has been found by attaching electrical measuring devices to the neck and head that the muscles begin to tighten when a person is under emotional strain, and if the tension continues the muscle tightness turns into a headache. Doctors now know that a tension headache can be caused by any form of worry. Too much physical effort, prolonged beyond the normal point of fatigue, can cause it. So can overwork, especially if the work involves keeping up with the Joneses.

The best relief for the tension headache is some form of aspirin in combination with a mild sedative. The drug most commonly used at Montefiore is Fiorinal (available only on prescription); relief results in about two cases out of three. In some severe cases where the vicious circle resists everything else, the doctors inject an anesthetic into the muscles. This kills the pain long enough to give the muscles a chance to relax, thus ending the headache.

Although it is comparatively easy to get rid of the tension headache, it is not so easy to keep it from coming back. The patient who suffers

from tension headaches usually suffers from a lot of them, sometimes several a week, sometimes one every day. He will never be free of them until he finds and relieves the cause of his emotional tension.

Another common type of headache is that widespread but baffling and generally ignored ailment called migraine. Most of us think of the migraine headache as something rare and unbearably painful. We seldom think that we ourselves might be victims. Our own headaches aren't that bad. Moreover, don't all migraine victims have bad cases of nerves?

Migraine headaches are extremely common and not always extremely painful. As nearly as the doctors can figure out, they afflict between five and ten persons out of every 100. Many persons suffer from them without knowing it. And although psychology also plays a big part in the cause and cure of migraine headaches, the sufferer is not in any sense a mental case. (Patients in mental hospitals are remarkably free from headaches of any kind.)

All that the term *migraine* means is "one-sided," and the migraine headache starts by affecting just one side of the head. With right-handed people it usually starts on the right side, with left-handed people on the left side. It often spreads so that pain is felt all over the head, but at first it hurts on one side only.

Some victims, though by no means all of them, can tell when a

bad migraine headache is coming on. They are restless, anxious, tense, or cranky. Sometimes their feet swell or their fingers become pudgy. Rings won't go on and off as easily as they once did.

The swelling is caused by an accumulation of water in the body tissues, which often occurs to such extent that the patient gains considerable weight. Dr. Harold G. Wolff, of the Cornell University Medical college, who has worked on the subject of headaches for many years, has found numerous migraine patients who gained two to five pounds, and one who gained 17 pounds.

Just before the headache starts, the eyes are sometimes affected. The patient notices that things look fuzzy or blurred. He may see black spots which blot out part of his field of vision or he may see flashes of light. He often feels dizzy. Then the migraine headache strikes.

Usually it is a "sick headache," accompanied by nausea. If the victim tries to work, he feels inefficient, tired, depressed, and irritable. Often he feels so bad that he cannot work at all but can only suffer, sitting unhappily in a chair away from light and noise. His hands and feet feel cold. His face perspires. Perhaps he cannot help crying.

Sometimes the headache lasts only a few minutes. More frequently, however, it lasts a day, sometimes several days or even weeks. If the ache spreads to the entire head, it

ceases to throb and becomes a steady pain. Eventually it goes away. As it does, the kidneys work overtime, eliminating the excess water from the patient's body, and his weight returns to normal. Often the patient is left feeling unusually good, high spirited, ready to lick the world.

To the layman, migraine is one of the most mysterious of ailments, and in many respects it still mystifies even doctors who have made it their specialty for years. But they have at least found the immediate source of the pain (the blood vessels of the skull) and they know how to relieve it.

What happens in the migraine attack is this. Something as yet unknown causes the arteries of the skull to contract, reducing the flow of blood and causing the dizziness and visual defects which often precede the headache. Then, just as suddenly and unaccountably, the arteries go to the opposite extreme and become flabby and distended. Now the blood coursing through them causes pulsations so great as to be painful, especially because some as yet unidentified substance seeps through the blood vessels and makes the whole area around them unusually sensitive to pain.

This is the throbbing stage of the headache, where every pulse beat is agonizingly apparent. Later the blood vessels, swollen by this rough treatment, become thick and tense, according to Dr. Friedman, like rigid "pipes." At this point the pain

settles down into a steady aching.

Eventually, just as mysteriously as they began acting up, the blood vessels return to normal. If the headache has been reasonably mild, it stops promptly. But if it has been a bad one, it usually has made the patient so miserable that by this time the muscles of his scalp and neck have tightened up, and the pain lingers on as a tension headache.

The "waterlogging" effect of migraine still puzzles doctors. All kinds of experiments have been tried in attempts to explain it. Dr. Wolff and the Montefiore doctors have put migraine patients on a low-salt diet, limited their intake of liquids, and given them drugs to speed up kidney action. Thus they have kept the patients at normal weight, and prevented them from getting waterlogged. Yet headaches have occurred just the same. The doctors have also tried the opposite approach. Using certain hormone drugs that create a waterlogged effect, they have practically saturated some of their patients: yet the patients have not necessarily suffered headaches as a result.

At any rate, the doctors know that to rout a migraine attack they must administer promptly some form of ergot. This drug brings the enlarged blood vessels back to normal size.

But what sets off the migraine attack? What causes the blood vessels of the head to start acting up? The answer is that the migraine head-

ache, like the tension headache, is caused by that old villain, emotional strain.

Practically all headaches have an emotional basis. This does not mean that the pain is imaginary; it is all too real. Nor does it necessarily mean that headache sufferers are any more unstable emotionally than other people. It does mean that some people just naturally react to emotional stress by getting a headache, just as some others get a stomach ulcer, a backache, or asthma, while still others lose their tempers, or weep. The person with a tendency toward headaches is likely to get one every time life presents overwhelming problems.

Even the hangover headache seems to have an emotional basis; it seems to result from the strain of attending a party and attempting to be gay and witty, the fatigue caused by late hours, and the remorse of the next day. At any rate, experiments have shown that under laboratory conditions where noise and strain are excluded, a person can drink quite a substantial amount of alcohol without getting a hangover.

There are a few exceptional kinds of headaches which arise from purely physical causes. A doctor once traced a persistent case of headaches to a Venetian blind which cast a steady glare onto the patient's desk every afternoon, resulting in a peculiar strain of the eye muscles. One patient was found to be so allergic to penicillin that he got a severe

headache from eating a turkey which had been fed the drug to increase its growth. Some headaches can be symptoms of specific diseases and some can be caused by growths, abscesses, or ruptured blood vessels in the head (one good reason for having a doctor look into any frequent head pain).

Of the common variety of headaches, however, Dr. Wolff insists that 90% are caused by emotional stress of some sort. The long-term treatment is a matter of psychology.

Fortunately, the treatment of most cases need not be especially complex or difficult. What the doctors try to do is first to explain to the patient the mechanism of headaches, showing how they are caused by disturbances of the blood vessels in migraine and tightness of neck and head muscles in tension headaches. The doctor may point out that few people have ever been killed by a headache. About the worst thing a headache can indicate is a tumor; fortunately, tumors are rare and can usually be removed.

Indeed, headaches in many ways may be blessings in disguise. They are nature's way of warning us to take things easier. They are an effective danger signal which at the same time usually does no real harm. The person who suffers from tension headaches is far more fortunate, for example, than the person whose body responds to a similar situation by developing a stomach ulcer.

The Case of the Suspected Cop

Where was he taking those truckloads of loot?

LT. JAMES COLE of the Detroit Police department was assigned to investigate a disturbing report. A patrolman of the Hunt St. precinct was suspected of shaking down some of the merchants on his beat.

Cole trailed the man, Eldridge Baughman, as he made his rounds. He saw Baughman step into fruit, meat, and grocery stores. He saw him come out with bundles of food, load them into a truck belonging to one of the merchants, and drive off.

Cole was deeply saddened. He knew that Baughman was a good cop, now in the twilight of an active career of 25 years, 15 of them on the same beat. He also knew his duty; he pursued Baughman to make his arrest at the point of delivery.

Somehow the arrest was never made. Soon another rumor reached police officials: Cole had joined Baughman in the shakedown.

Inspector John M. Carnaghie went out to investigate personally.



He, too, failed to make an arrest. By now police officials were aghast. A third rumor spread: that Carnaghie was working the shakedown with Cole and Baughman.

Other men were assigned to investigate. Starting out with one clue, the fact that the suspects collected no meat, only fish, on Fridays, they soon broke the case. What they found out forestalled any disciplinary action; the "shakedown" turned out to be one of the

*515 Madison Ave., New York City 22. February, 1957. © 1957 by the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, and reprinted with permission.

most unusual cases of interfaith cooperation in Detroit history.

The trail had led to the convent of the Felician Sisters. Baughman had indeed been picking up and delivering food, but it was an act of charity done with the full cooperation of the Christian and Jewish merchants involved. The extensive charities of the Felician Sisters had left them with barely enough to feed themselves. When the case was broken, Patrolman Baughman told how it all started.

"Last spring," he explained, "my friends on the beat told me about the plight of the Sisters. It seemed incredible that people who were devoting their lives to religion, education, and charity shouldn't even have the right food. I took a look at the convent, and went inside to see the Sisters. They didn't know what to make of me at first, but I told them, 'Sisters, you handle the inside; I'll handle the outside.'"

Baughman went back to his beat and told the merchants what he had found. "Everyone wanted to help right away. It was as though they had just been waiting to be asked," he says. "It was funny when Lieutenant Cole followed me into the convent. He saw me give the food to the Sisters, looked around, and just said, 'Well, you got them the food, but now let's do some-

thing about a little paint job here."

"When Inspector Carnaghie showed up, we all got together and talked to some friends, who contributed paint, brushes, rollers: everything we needed. When the boys at the precinct heard about it, they came down on their days off and painted the convent from top to bottom, including the attic. Mother Superior Mary Anthony cried a little when we were finished. She said, 'We can only repay with our prayers all the men who are helping us.'"

The Sisters have themselves long felt the need for better interfaith cooperation. Some of the nuns have attended a human-relations workshop at the University of Detroit. The office of the Michigan Anti-Defamation league has, on request, supplied the convent with a consultant service on a continuing basis.

Baughman, who retires this spring, is concerned about the future. "I hope I have some say about my replacement on the beat. I would like to break him in right, so he'll know where to get the food. There won't be any question about his wanting to do it. He's a Detroit cop, isn't he?"

The Felician Sisters have given Patrolman Baughman, who is a Jew, the nickname St. Anthony, after their patron saint.

✱

To keep children from listening to your conversation, direct it at them.

Carl Buchele.

The Statesman Called Strauss

He looks with clear-eyed realism at the problems of his country's rearmament

FRANZ-JOSEF STRAUSS, the West German defense minister, is at 41 an extraordinary combination of hard realist and Christian idealist. He has brought to his work the experienced touch of someone twice his age. Indeed, Dr. Konrad Adenauer, the venerable evergreen who still presides over the restored fortunes of Western Germany in his 81st year, looks upon Strauss as an eventual successor whose strong, sure touch may yet make the dream of a United Europe a reality.

Yet there is little of the dreamer about Strauss. The sharp, twinkling blue-gray eyes above the straight nose, the firm line of lips, and the craggy, jutting chin proclaim the realist. He looks every inch the athlete he is. The broad shoulders supporting the rather large head bring back to mind the communist-Socialist sneer that Strauss is nothing more than a wild bull on the rampage. But look beyond the man's appearance to the record, and you feel that he must be of that rare



breed of bull which can wander purposefully through any china shop, armory, or modern atomic pile without breaking a thing and without turning a hair.

Franz-Josef Strauss knew the sour taste of want as a small boy. He came into the world on Sept. 6, 1915, when the Kaiser's war was entering its second year. His father was a Munich butcher, but there was little in the shop, even for the family, by the time Allied forces occupied the Rhineland in 1919. In the restless, famishing 20's, when Germany was trying to build democracy out of half-anarchy, Strauss was at school. "He will go far," his parents, teachers, and neighbors agreed. The record shows that he passed with distinction every sub-

*Monastery Place, Union City, N.J. February, 1957. © 1957 by the Passionist Missions, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

ject at high school except one: Strauss' marks for deportment were the lowest ever to be registered at the institution. Exceptionally quick, with a memory as retentive as adhesive tape, he led all his classes and qualified for advanced studies at Munich university.

Franz-Josef Strauss was 18 when Hitler came to power. A year later, in 1934, he knew one minor triumph which he still looks back upon with pride. Training hard for weeks as though his life depended on it, he competed for the German equivalent of the world-famed cycling race, the *Tour de France* (junior edition). He won it easily and held the title for a year.

By now he was studying classics, modern languages, law, history, and economics as a university student, so he had a good excuse for avoiding close contact with nazi youth leaders. It was probably just as well—for his own safety. For Strauss had a fiery temper and a vitriolic tongue. He has since learned to curb the one and dilute the other with his own witticisms; but in those early days of nazidom the arrogant young Brown Shirts would have given short shrift to anyone who spoke out against the Führer.

There was little outlet for Strauss' interest in the difficulties besetting those young men of his own age with whom he rubbed shoulders at lectures. Yet, privately, youth affairs and the general problem of re-educating nazified Germans were

uppermost in his thoughts even while he was doing his military service and through the war years that followed. Wisely, he did not air his opinions. Such influence as he managed to exert was purely personal and confined to barrack-room talk sessions.

Because of his proficiency in mathematics, he was selected for training in the artillery; and when the Panzer armies struck in the East and then bogged down after thrusting to the outskirts of Moscow, Strauss moved up into the line.

The Russian winter very nearly cut short his career. The guns of Lieutenant Strauss' battery were in action at Stalingrad. Just before the encircling Soviet forces clamped down on the Germans who were running short of ammunition and food, he was (providentially) struck down by severe frostbite in both feet. He was sent back to Germany on one of the last hospital trains to leave the burning, shattered ruins of the beleaguered city.

His recovery was slow; he had ample time in bed to ponder the full implications of 20th-century warfare: its horrors, wastefulness, suffering. Strauss now had less reason than ever to think of Hitler as a military genius. Hitler's Russian adventure would be remembered by posterity for its catastrophic cost in blood, occasional heroism, and unnecessary savagery. Without in any way altering his basic view that every man had the patriotic duty to

fight for his homeland, Strauss came to the conclusion that Hitler must be mad. The Führer's war aims were clearly as idiotic as his intuitive methods of waging war.

"The nations of the world would be far happier if there were no soldiers," Strauss was quoted as saying not long ago. The thought may not be particularly original, but on his lips it certainly sounded highly provocative. The words have been misinterpreted as an indication that he is a pacifist. He is nothing of the kind. As a soldier and a politician, he has seen too much of the world to be a pacifist. Like President Eisenhower, and for the same broad reasons, he yearns for peace in our time. All his energies are bent to achieving that goal; and since he shares the Catholic outlook of his leader and mentor Dr. Adenauer, Catholics in other lands will perhaps find it less hard than others to understand why Strauss is working for lasting peace as his country's defense minister.

There is no contradiction here, only a paradox. His selection for that post was almost inevitable. He is capable of quick decisions, farsighted, well balanced (despite his occasionally savage tongue) and he grasps quickly the minutest details of administration. He is not afraid of saying unpopular things. Above all, he has a habit of sticking to first principles in his public speeches.

Strauss readily admits that he owes his rapid rise in politics partly

to the Americans who took him prisoner in 1945. After his discharge from the hospital about 18 months earlier, he had been appointed a battery commander and instructor at the artillery school in Schongau, near Munich. Air attacks by Allied bombers were increasing in intensity, and seasoned veterans like himself were being kept at home for local defense. By the time he was captured, Munich had been pounded into rubble. So had three fourths of the other great cities of Germany. Germans with anti-nazi records were urgently needed to help in the gigantic task of spring cleaning which confronted the Allies.

Strauss spent but a few weeks behind barbed wire. Then he was given a minor administrative post, organizing food distribution and bomb-damage clearance under U. S. supervision. Soon he was granted a free hand, and appointed director of the whole Munich district. The plight of his own Bavarian people stimulated him to put in hours of travel and desk work that would have broken the health of a less robust man. The Americans liked him for his blunt honesty and fantastic drive.

Around him were all the signs of what total war could cost a defeated nation. But he had little time for bitter reflection. He had too much work to do. And the type of construction work he was doing now provided scope, among other things, for his old interest in youth and its

education. Remembering his own childhood, he resolved not to spare himself if he could prevent the apathy born of want from degenerating once more into anarchy. So, when occupational controls were relaxed sufficiently to allow the formation of new political parties, Strauss flung himself into politics with no other ambition than to help his country regain an honored place among the nations which respect freedom.

He set about the job in Bavaria, among the people he knew best. He was only 33, but he stumped the towns and villages, speaking with the authority of a founding father of the Christian Social union, the local affiliate of the Central Christian Democratic union of Dr. Adenauer. In 1949 he was elected to the Bundestag in Bonn, where his boldness and sincerity in debate won him instant attention. The passionate concern he felt for the rising generation was not expressed only in words; he accepted gladly the separate posts of youth commissioner for Bavaria and chairman of the Bundestag Committee on Youth Welfare.

These jobs were no sinecures. It would have been all too easy for him to take a wrong turning and introduce reforms with no true bearing on the problems of the young in war-ravaged Western Germany. But Strauss had not worked with the Americans on the bi-zonal Economic council for nothing. Even

his political enemies were impressed by his Youth Protection law, which remains a model of its kind.

Yet Strauss' political enemies were less impressed in the early 1950's when the great debate on common defense began in the assemblies of Western Europe. Partly inspired by the success of the Schuman plan, France had proposed a revolutionary scheme for linking national forces in a European army.

Many Frenchmen were afraid that if German soldiers were allowed to form a revitalized German army, the peace of the world might well be broken again. However, Christian statesmen like Robert Schuman saw in the projected European Defense community something far more idealistic and positive. So did Konrad Adenauer. So also did his rising young lieutenant, Franz-Josef Strauss, whose brilliant championship of EDC in the Bundestag was largely responsible for passage of the bill approving West German membership in the ill-starred defense organization. (British indifference was the rock on which the plan eventually foundered.)

Today, Strauss' abiding concern is for peace. That is why his interests have moved on from domestic affairs to the intricate issues of rearmament. He distrusts the opposition to conscription found among German communists and extreme Socialists as deeply as he opposes the dreams of neutralists or pacifists.

Nor is he blind to the possibility of a seizure of power by a military clique. As defense minister, it is his job to rule out that possibility.

It was on his initiative that a federal council was set up to co-ordinate the various blueprints for West German defense. The present German Republic is a rather loose federation; and Strauss, with his Bavarian background of independence, would not have it otherwise. And so it is that men of his vision and energy are helping to put through controversial national measures without splitting the nation.

The present conscription controversy is probably Strauss' hardest test to date. His belief has always been that eventually Germany would have to make a substantial contribution to NATO. Now that he has been appointed to work out exactly what form that contribution should take, he is proving that his mind is still very much his own. "I prefer a small army of a quarter of a million men, well trained, and equipped with the latest weapons, to an army twice as big," he said not long ago. Again he talked common sense; but his policy entailed tearing up the plans of his predecessor and running contrary to ideas which have long flourished in London, Washington, and Paris.

Field-gray uniforms of the new German army are becoming visible today in the streets of Bonn; but Strauss the realist knows that it would be merely shortsighted to

court popularity with NATO planners now by mass-producing a huge force to fill the immediate gaps in Europe's joint defense formations.

Strauss, who had been Germany's first atomic minister, and had just become defense minister, visited London late last year on a twofold mission. The first part was to consult the British government on his serious billeting problems. Western air and ground units on German soil are stationed in the best accommodation available. Until new barracks are built, there will be a serious shortage of housing for the new German army.

The second part of his British trip was to get something of a glimpse into the future. Strauss went to Calder hall on the English northwest coast of Cumberland to see the world's first atomic power station inaugurated for commercial use. As he watched Queen Elizabeth pull the switch which released atom-produced electricity into the overhead pylons, his eyes seemed to light up.

For Strauss combines his defense minister's duties with supervision of Germany's embryonic atomic-energy program; and his familiarity with the complex techniques involved in planning an atomic-energy program from scratch is now a byword among his country's scientists. Already by skillful negotiation abroad he has insured against federal Germany's lagging behind in experience, equipment, and nuclear information.

His incisive mind is also busy applying to defense needs the knowledge he has almost casually picked up in the atomic field. Tactical nuclear weapons, as he sees it, may mean a drastic revision of existing blueprints for the German forces. Yet this does not mean going back on the decision banning production of such weapons in Germany.

"We have solemnly renounced that right," he says. "That doesn't mean that we ought not to get nuclear weapons from our allies to help protect the West."

Strauss has fought in the field against the Russians. He recognizes and respects their tough military prowess. Strauss the Catholic statesman is not unfamiliar with the theory and practice of aggressive Soviet communism. That is why he is ever ready to denounce politicians who advocate an outright embargo on atomic stockpiles and output.

He has put his strong feelings into words on that subject, too. "It would be the height of irresponsibility for the West to surrender its right to these weapons while the Soviet Union retains its overwhelming supremacy over NATO in conventional forces."

Even while advocating nuclear weapons as a negative means of keeping the peace, he flouts all suggestions that "a peace policy must inevitably be a policy of disarmament." Though he was only a young man in his 20's at the time,

he has not forgotten how the rest of Europe slid down the easy slope to world war by following that formula. On the other hand, he regards the use of superior force as a means to immediate political ends as just as bad. Hence his condemnation of Franco-British intervention in the Middle East crisis.

Belief in the close alliance of the West, in European unification, and in the ultimate liberation of his fellow countrymen who live under East German Red rule are the foundations of his political thought. He nurses the hope that in the foreseeable future the nations of Western Europe may pool their atomic resources for peace as they have already pooled their resources of coal and steel; but because he has been brought up in a realistic school setbacks won't surprise him.

Youth is on his side; also courage and skill. So it is not at all improbable that Strauss may live to see the accomplishment of his political beliefs and hopes. Once when a journalist asked him if he entirely excluded the notion of negotiating with the Russians for reuniting the two halves of Germany, he replied, "I would talk to the devil himself if that could bring freedom to 18 million Germans."

Whether either the devil or Khrushchev would get much out of Franz-Josef Strauss is doubtful. We may be sure that any bargain he made with either would not be one-sided. He is too astute for that.

The Day Christ Died

Review by Father Francis Beauchesne Thornton

ABOUT TWO YEARS ago Jim Bishop's *The Day Lincoln Was Shot* was splashed across the best-seller lists. Critics of all schools praised Bishop for his tightly strung and vivid account of a day that brought grief and terror to the entire nation.

Now Bishop has applied the same method and techniques to the most significant day in the history of the world, *The Day Christ Died*. With an almost tabloid-raw appreciation of the personalities and emotions involved, the day ticks on like a time bomb toward its violent explosion on the hill of Calvary.

The book opens on a note of menacing quiet in which we catch our first glimpse of Christ and the Apostles. "They came through the pass slowly, like men reluctant to finish a journey. There were 11 of them, robed in white, their sandals powdery from the chalky stones of the road, the hems of their garments dark with dust, their faces molded with concern. These men were part of the final trickle of humans pouring into the walled city of Jerusalem for the Passover observance. It was 6 P.M. of the 14th Nisan in the year 3790. In the city, the sun had

set a few minutes before, although, from up in the pass between the Mount of Olives and the Mount of Offense, the yolk of it could still be seen hanging between the golden spires of the great temple."

These reluctant men and their leader knew what was coming, since Christ had foretold it many times. Their minds and hearts, in the confused way characteristic of all men, tried to drop veils of hope over realities they wished to forget. But the yellow sun hanging between the golden spires of the temple was at once a symbol and a portent of the final tragedy.

Bishop examines each hour and the fragments of those hours that led to the climax of the great Sabbath eve. With the coolness of a scientist scrutinizing a specimen under a microscope, Bishop examines the characters of the Apostles in their relationship with Christ. Their virtues, faults, jealousies, and treasons are set down in bare and poignant phrases.

We see them at the Last Supper. It is no impressionistic portrait. Like a commercial photographer, Bishop brings out everything in clear outlines with a minimum of shadow:

the room, its furnishings, the ancient Jewish ritual, the dress and stance of each Apostle, the new Sacrament of Bread and Wine astounding in its implications. We seem to be there fingering the cloth and watching the great betrayal shaping up in the soul of Judas.

From this point forward, the action moves with unbearable suspense until the final moment on Calvary.

"From Jesus' lungs came a final cry. 'It is finished!' The body sagged on the cross. Jesus willed Himself to die.

"A sound went through the air as though a herd of animals had stampeded underground. A fresh breeze expelled its brief breath on the wild flowers.

"The earth trembled and a small crack fissured the earth from the west toward the east and split the big rock of execution and went across the town and through the temple, and it split the big inner veil of the temple from the top to the bottom and went on east and rocked the big wall and split the tombs in the cemetery outside the walls and shook the Cedron and went on to the Dead sea, leaving fissures in the earth, the rocks, and across the mountains.

"The centurion and some of the soldiers jumped to their feet in alarm. They came to the front of the cross and looked at Him and at the darkened sky and the crack across the big rock. The centurion

bowed his head. 'Assuredly,' he said to the others, 'this Man was the Son of God.'"

If *The Day Christ Died* were only a clever reporter's wire-drawn narration of the most memorable 24 hours in history, it would not be long remembered. Mr. Bishop's book is far more than this. Between the almost intolerable intensity of the tragic hours Bishop gives us massive flashbacks into the complexity of Roman and Jewish customs.

The third flashback relates the life of our Lord with forceful directness. It is obvious, then, that the excellence of Mr. Bishop's work lies in the fact that he has written a new life of Christ. Working like an artist in mosaic, he has patiently fitted his small stones of fact and character into a memorable and dramatic mural of our Saviour.

There have been many good lives of Christ, but they have come to us, on this continent, strained through the filter of translation, from French or Italian. Bishop's book gives Americans a new life of our Lord written in the American idiom and in a style most comprehensible to the American consciousness. It is this fact that lends importance and stature to Mr. Bishop's work. It is a book for the entire family, a book to treasure in the years to come.

The Day Christ Died is published by Harper & Bros., New York City, at \$3.95 (to Book Club members, \$2.95). See announcement on the back cover.

PUBLISHER'S PAGE



Every so often someone asks me, "You sold THE CATHOLIC DIGEST for 25¢ 20 years ago. It is still 25¢. How do you do it when you have practically no advertising revenue?" The answer: circulation.

In the last ten years (1946 through 1956) printing and publishing costs practically doubled. (For us, they went up 97.8%.) In that same period, wages to our 158 employees more than tripled: from \$143,198 in 1946 to \$503,494 in 1956.

Under these conditions alone we would have had to double the price (as many other magazines did) or to pass out of the picture.

The reason we did neither: in the year 1946 we printed 3 million copies of THE DIGEST; in 1956 we printed 10 million copies.

So while costs doubled, circulation more than tripled. This enabled us to let you have the magazine at the same old price and to give you a DIGEST that is at least twice as good and twice as expensive to produce.

We got to wondering here why more subscribers and more readers are attracted to THE DIGEST. So we did some research and came up with the answer. You people subscribe and buy single copies at church doors and newsstands because you like it. It is about as silly as asking why people get married. (They get married because they love each other.)

So now we know that 7 million people read THE DIGEST each month because they like to.

Among your friends and relatives there must be at least one who does not now subscribe to THE CATHOLIC DIGEST. Perhaps you would care to tell him or her about the real enjoyment you are getting out of reading it every month, and suggest a subscription.

Don't you think it would be a fine thing if your DIGEST had a circulation of a million and some 8 million readers? We can't achieve that, but you can; or, rather, we can together.

If you send me a new \$3 subscription (for a friend, neighbor, relative or whomever), I will send you a gift of the \$2 Vatican Picture Book. (It has to be a new subscription, not your renewal. Use the card in this copy.)

Nothing quite like the Vatican Picture Book has ever been published before! It contains 70 beautiful photographs, many published for the first time, of the Vatican, St. Peter's, and our Holy Father seen in many ceremonies and events surrounding his busy everyday life. Most of the photographs are full-page size; many are spread over two pages to give you a cinemascopic "you-are-there" feeling. It is more than a book—it is a word and picture pilgrimage that you can make to the Eternal City any time you care to do so.

You sell (or give) the one-year subscription; you get the Vatican book free; we all get 1 million circulation and 8 million readers. LET'S.

Father Bussard

MAIL COUPON
TODAY!

SEND NO
MONEY!

A Glowing Word and Picture Pilgrimage to **The VATICAN** **2 BOOKS FREE**

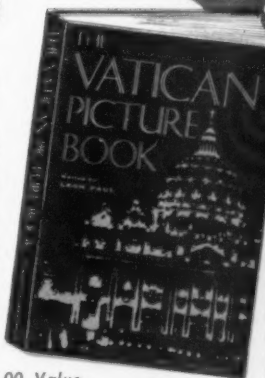
WITH MEMBERSHIP IN THE
CATHOLIC DIGEST BOOK CLUB

HERE IS A MAGNIFICENT opportunity for you to get two of the best books on *The Vatican* ever published—one in glowing, marvelous word pictures; the other in beautiful ravishing photographs, 70 of them spread over 144 panoramic pages of a *Picture Pilgrimage* you will never forget!

AT THE SAME TIME you become a member of the *Catholic Digest Book Club* and each month receive the Club's illustrated publication: "THE KEY," giving you advance notice of each forthcoming book. Each book will be an excellent Catholic publication that will help you spiritually, relax you mentally or entertain you thrillingly—and save you money!



\$4.50 Value



\$2.00 Value

ONLY FOUR OUT OF TWELVE...

ALL YOU NEED agree is to accept only four of the twelve books which will be offered to you during your first year of membership. After that, you may take as few as you wish, or—none at all!!!

C.D.B.C. BOOKS in the original publisher's edition frequently sell for \$4.00, \$5.00 or even \$6.00! But you get the complete, FULL LENGTH edition (sometimes even better than the original) for only \$2.95 plus a few cents postage. You never pay more than \$2.95 for any book you accept!

A BIG, TREMENDOUS \$6.50 VALUE!

Catholic Digest Book Club—CD 576
100 Sixth Ave., New York 13, N. Y.

Please send me, free of any charge and postage prepaid, THE VATICAN and THE VATICAN PICTURE BOOK, value: \$6.50. Also enroll me in the *Catholic Digest Book Club* and mail me free, each month, "The Key," describing each forthcoming selection. I may accept any selection at the Special Member's Reduced Price of only \$2.95 plus a few cents postage.

All CDBC books are FULL-LENGTH and often sell for \$4, \$5 or even as high as \$6!

I may reject any new selection by simply returning the monthly card conveniently provided, by the date specified.

I agree to accept at least 4 selections during the next 12 months to retain membership privileges. After my first year, I may accept as few books as I wish, or—none at all...

NAME (please print)

ADDRESS

CITY ZONE

STATE

IN CANADA—Mail to: 1184 Castlefield Ave., Toronto 10, Ont.

ADVANTAGES OF BELONGING to the C.D.B.C. are these:

1) You save up to 50% on the publisher's price of the book.

2) Selections are made by your CATHOLIC DIGEST editors, so you can be SURE of getting the right and the best books... as soon as they are published.

3) All these books are suitable for family reading. Save by getting one excellent book for the family!

4) It's easy to reject books. All you do is return the card you receive each month (which the Club furnishes) with illustrated "Key."

5) All books are New, Complete, FULL-LENGTH Library-size volumes! Nowhere else can you get all the advantages offered to you such as in the

CATHOLIC DIGEST BOOK CLUB
100 Sixth Ave., New York City 13